FAVOURITE

TALES,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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THE QUEEN OF GOLCONDA,

A TALE.

From the French of the Chevalier DE BOUFFLERS.

MY pen, I abandon myſelf to you; my reaſon hitherto has been your guide; be now the guide of my reaſon, and give laws to your maſter.

The Sultan of the Arabian Nights Entertainments deſired Dinazarda to amuſe him with her ſtories; the giant Moulineau made the ſame requeſt to his ram *; in like manner, I beg you to tell me one I am unacquainted with. It is equal to me whether you begin at the middle or the end.

As for you, my readers, I give you notice before-hand, that it is for my own pleaſure, and not for yours, that I write: ſurrounded

* An alluſion to Comte Hamilton's tale called *Le Belier*.

by friends, by miſtreſſes, and by lovers, you have no occaſion for me to amuſe you; but, for my part, I am alone, and ſhould be happy to keep myſelf company.

Harlequin in a ſimilar ſituation calls for Marcus Aurelius *Imperator Romano*, to lull him to ſleep; but I call for the Queen of Golconda to enliven me.

I was at an age when a new world diſplays itſelf to our ſcarcely formed organs; when new affections attach us to the beings around us; when our ſenſes more attentive, and our imagination more ardent, make us fancy truer deſires in ſofter illuſions; in a word, I was fifteen years old, at a diſtance from my preceptor, on a tall Engliſh horſe, and at the tail of twenty hounds, who were running a wild boar. You may judge whether I was happy. At the end of four hours chaſe, the dogs were at fault as well as myſelf. I loſt ſight of the game, and alighted after having galloped, at full ſpeed, till my horſe was out of wind. When we had both rolled upon the turf, he began to graze, and I to ſleep.

I break-

I breakfaſted on a cold partridge and bread, in a charming valley, formed by two hillocks covered with green trees. The proſpect before me preſented to the view a village built upon the ſide of a diſtant hill, from which I was ſeparated by an immenſe plain, covered with rich crops and fruitful orchards.

The air was pure, the ſky ſerene, the ground ſtill ſparkling with pearly dew-drops; and the ſun, that had ſcarcely finiſhed a third of its career, gave us yet but a moderate heat, which was tempered by the breath of a ſoft zephyr.

Where are the admirers of nature who enjoy ſo highly fair weather, and a pleaſant landſcape? It is for them I ſpeak; for as to myſelf, I was much leſs attentive to theſe objects, than to a country girl in a white jacket and petticoat, whom I ſaw coming at a diſtance with a milk-pail on her head. I obſerved her with ſecret pleaſure croſs a plank, that ſerved as a bridge over a rivulet, and follow a path which guided her ſteps to the ſpot where I was ſitting. As ſhe approached me, ſhe ſeemed very freſh-coloured; and with-

out well conceiving what was paſſing within me, I roſe up to meet her. She grew more beautiful at every ſtep I advanced, and I regretted thoſe that would have brought me ſooner to her preſence. Georgia and Circaſſia produce only monſters in compariſon of my little milk-maid! Never did a creature ſo perfect adorn the univerſe! Not knowing what compliment to make her to begin a converſation, I begged a little of her milk, as a refreſhment. I then aſked ſeveral queſtions relative to her village, her family, and her age? To all which ſhe anſwered with an ingenuouſneſs and grace, that rendered her words worthy of ſuch a mouth as hers.

I found that ſhe was of the neighbouring village, and that her name was Aline. My dear Aline, ſaid I, I wiſh I was your brother (this was not, however, what I meaned): And I wiſh I was your ſiſter, anſwered ſhe. Ah! added I, kiſſing her, I love you quite as well as if you were. Aline endeavoured to avoid my careſſes; when, in the efforts ſhe made, her pail fell, and her milk ran ſtreaming down the path. She began to cry; and

and, diſengaging herſelf ſuddenly from my arms, attempted to eſcape; but, her foot ſlipping on the milky way, ſhe fell upon her back; and I flew in vain to her aſſiſtance. A power ſtronger than I was, prevented my lifting her up, and added my fall to hers. I was fifteen years old; Aline only fourteen: it was at this age, and in this place, that Love was waiting to give us his firſt leſſon. My happineſs was for a moment allayed by the complaints of Aline; but her pain ſoon gave way to pleaſure, which was alſo the occaſion of a few tears. Heavens! what tears! It was then I truly knew pleaſure; and the greater one, of giving pleaſure to her I loved.

Time, who ſeemed to us to have loſt his exiſtence, continued his uſual pace for the reſt of the world; and the ſun, declining towards the horizon, recalled the ſhepherds to their cottages, and the flocks to their folds. The air re-echoed with the ſound of pipes, and the ſongs of travellers haſtening to their places of repoſe. It is time for me to go, ſaid Aline, or my mother will beat me. I

then reſpected my mother, and had not wit enough to undeceive her in regard to the reſpect ſhe had for hers. I have loſt my milk, and my honour, added ſhe; but I forgive you. Go, my love, ſaid I, you are whiter than your milk, and pleaſure is far preferable to honour. I gave her the little money I had about me, and a gold ring from my finger; which ſhe promiſed never to part with. When we took leave, our faces, wet with kiſſes and with tears, remained for ſome moments glewed to each other. I mounted my horſe; and, after having followed my dear Aline with my eyes as far as I could, I bid a laſt farewell to the ſpot conſecrated by my firſt pleaſures; and returned to my father's ſeat, much concerned that I was not a peaſant of the village of Aline.

I had fully reſolved to hunt no where but in this charming valley, and to ſpare all the game in the province for the ſake of my beautiful Aline; but theſe projects on which I had ſet my heart vaniſhed like a dream. I learned on my arrival, that unforeſeen news obliged my father to ſet off for Paris the following

lowing day. He took me with him. I cried when I took leave of my mother; but my tears flowed for Aline.

Steel and even love itſelf are conſumed by time. I was inconſolable on our departure, and already conſoled on our arrival. In proportion as I left Aline at a diſtance, the idea of Aline left my mind; and my joy on entering a new world made me forget the charms of that I quitted. Libertiniſm and ambition took the place of love in my heart. I ſerved ſix hard campaigns, in which I received conſiderable wounds, and inconſiderable rewards; and returned to Paris, to make up in the ſervice of the fair, for what I had ſuffered in the ſervice of the ſtate.

Coming one day out of the opera, I found myſelf by accident by the ſide of a pretty woman, who was waiting for her carriage. This lady, after having examined me with attention, aſked me, "If I remembered her?" I anſwered, "That it was the firſt time I had ever "had the happineſs of ſeeing her." "Look "at me again," ſaid ſhe. "The order is "not diſagreeable," anſwered I, "and your

" face inſures my obedience: but the longer " I look at you, the greater difference I find " between what I have ever ſeen before, and " what I ſee at this moment." " Since my " features do not re-call me to your recollec- " tion," ſaid ſhe, " my hand will be more " fortunate." Then, taking off her glove, ſhe ſhewed me the ring I had formerly given to my little Aline. Aſtoniſhment deprived me of ſpeech; her carriage drew up, and I followed her into it, in compliance with her requeſt.

This was her hiſtory:

" You ſtill remember my milk-pail, and " all I loſt with it. You did not know what " you were about, nor I either; but I ſoon " diſcovered that a child was the conſe- " quence. My mother diſcovered it likewiſe, " and drove me from the houſe. Aſking " charity on my way, I wandered to a neigh- " bouring town, where an old woman took " me in, and was a mother to me; while ſhe " made me paſs for her niece. She took care " to dreſs me, and carry me into company; " and,

" and, by her order, I often repeated the
" leſſons you had given me. As you had for
" immediate ſucceſſor the Vicar of the place,
" your child felt to his ſhare; and he has ſince
" made him a very pretty chanting-boy. My
" aunt, hoping my beauty would be more uſe-
" ful to her in a great town, carried me to
" Paris, where, after having paſſed through
" ſeveral hands, I fell into thoſe of an old
" Preſident; who, although one of the firſt
" perſons in the ſtate as to dignity, was one
" of the laſt in love; and ſhrunk to a mere
" nothing when he was ſtripped of his wig,
" his gown, and his port-folio. However,
" the little that remained of him doated on
" me, and loaded my aunt and ſelf with
" money and jewels. My aunt died: I was
" her heireſs; and found myſelf worth 800*l.*
" a year, beſides a great deal of ready money.
" I grew tired of the trade I had till then
" followed, and wiſhed to take up that of a
" modeſt woman, which is ſometimes a little
" tireſome too. At the expence of two
" guineas, which I gave to a genealogiſt, I
" became a girl of tolerable family. Some

" connec-

" connections I formed with men of letters " procured me the reputation of wit; and " perhaps gave me ſome title to it. At " length a man of high birth, with a fortune " of more than 4,000 *l.* a year, thought his " marrying me but a ſmall reward for ſo much " virtue; and poor Aline is at preſent, for " the publick, the Marchioneſs of Caſtel- " mont; but, for you, the Marchioneſs of " Caſtelmont will always be Aline."

" And whom," ſaid I, " have you loved " the moſt of all your acquaintance?" " How " can you aſk it?" anſwered ſhe. " I was in- " nocent when you firſt ſaw me; I was no " longer ſo when acquainted with others: I " began to dreſs myſelf, and was no longer " ſo pretty. I was obliged to pleaſe; and " was no longer ſenſible to love. Every " thing is injured by art: the *rouge* we put " on our cheeks diſcolours them; and the " ſentiments we affect chill our hearts. I " have never loved any body but you; and " though it is eaſy to be more faithful, it is " impoſſible to be more conſtant. Your idea, " preſent to my mind whenever I was un-

" faithful,

" faithful, almoſt always embittered my plea-
" ſure; though I muſt confeſs that it ſome-
" times gave a charm to my infidelities."

I was perfectly happy at meeting with my dear Aline: we kiſſed each other with the ſame tranſports as in thoſe bliſsful days when our lips had as yet met no other lips, and when our hearts accepted the firſt invitations of pleaſure. We came to her houſe; I ſupped there; and as the Marquis of Caſtelmont was abſent, I outſtayed all the company, and enforced my claims. Love flies gilded alcoves and magnificent beds; he loves to flutter on the enamel of meadows, and in the ſhade of verdant foreſts. My happineſs conſiſted in paſſing the night in the arms of a pretty woman; but ſhe had changed her name, and was no longer Aline.

Ye men of gallantry, who wiſh to be acquainted with love, or only with pleaſure, never engage in an amour while you have in your pocket letters from the Miniſter which oblige you to join the army. I was in theſe circumſtances when I ſaw the Marchioneſs of Caſtelmont, and I had much to regret. How

long ſhall the deceitful voice of glory render odious our ſoft repoſe, and our deareſt pleaſures? And how long ſhall war be deemed preferable to love? Theſe ſage reflections did not occur to me at that time. When a man is brigadier, as I was, he thinks rather of becoming Field Marſhal than Philoſopher; and, notwithſtanding the ſeverity of Miniſters, is generally in a fairer way. I ſtepped into my chaiſe on leaving the Marchioneſs, and flew with pleaſure to new diſappointments.

After having been fifteen years abſent from my country, and after having received ſeveral muſket ſhot, and ſuffered many injuſtices, I was ſent to the colonies with the rank of lieutenant general.

I leave to poets and gaſcoons the misfortune of experiencing tempeſts, and the trouble of deſcribing them. For my part, I arrived at my deſtination without accident, found every thing calm on my arrival, and my ſtay in India ſeemed rather a party of pleaſure, than a military expedition. Having nothing elſe to do, I viſited the different kingdoms which compoſe that vaſt country, and ſtopped at Golconda,

Golconda, then the moſt flouriſhing ſtate of Aſia. The nation was happy under the government of a woman, whoſe beauty enſured her an aſcendant over the king, while her wiſdom gave her the command of the empire. The coffers of individuals, and of the ſtate, were equally full. The farmer cultivated his land for himſelf, which is extraordinary; and the treaſurers did not receive the revenues of the ſtate for themſelves, which is more extraordinary ſtill. The cities ornamented by ſuperb edifices, and ſtill more embelliſhed by the pleaſures that were aſſembled in them, were full of happy citizens, proud of their abode; while the country people were attached to the provinces by the abundance and liberty they enjoyed, and by the honours that government beſtowed upon agriculture. The nobility were enchanted with the charms of the queen, who poſſeſſed the art of recompenſing their fidelity, without exhauſting the public treaſures: an art, which, in my opinion, queens employ too little; and of which the king her huſband was ignorant. I arrived at Court, and was received with all poſſible diſtinction.

diſtinction. I had in the firſt place an audience of the King, and then of the Queen; who, as ſoon as ſhe perceived me, let fall her veil. From her reputation, I had ſuſpected that ſhe veiled nothing; and was aſtoniſhed at this reception. In other reſpects, ſhe received me very graciouſly; and I could only complain, that I had not ſeen her face, of which I longed to obtain a ſight, both becauſe it was ſaid to be very beautiful, and becauſe every thing that belongs to a great Queen muſt neceſſarily be very curious.

When returned to my apartments, I found an officer who propoſed to ſhew me, on the following day, the gardens and park which ſurrounded the palace. I accepted the offer, and, riſing with the ſun, followed my conductor through ſeveral noble avenues, into a kind of tufted grove; where myrtles, acacia, and orange trees, mingled their odours and their boughs. My guide, finding a horſe tied to one of theſe trees, vaulted lightly into the ſaddle, and ſounding a trumpet which he carried with him, made off at full ſpeed. I continued to follow the path, much aſtoniſhed

at

at the behaviour of the officer, and unable to conceive that a country exiſted where it was the cuſtom to take people abroad to loſe them, inſtead of taking them out to walk: but how great was my ſurprize when, arrived at the out-ſkirts of the wood, I found myſelf in a place exactly reſembling that where I had formerly known Love and my Aline for the firſt time. The ſame meadow, the ſame hillocks, the ſame plain, the ſame village, the ſame rivulet, the ſame plank, and the ſame path, preſented themſelves to my eyes. Nothing was wanting but a milk-maid, and ſhe ſoon appeared in cloaths like thoſe of Aline! Is it a dream! cried I: is it an enchantment? or is it an empty ſhadow that deceives my ſight? "No," anſwered ſhe, "you are neither aſleep nor bewitched; and you will "ſoon find that I am no phantom. It is "Aline: Aline herſelf, who recollected you "yeſterday; and wiſhed to make herſelf "known to you in the ſhape which you have "loved. Taking again her milk-pail, ſhe is "come to amuſe herſelf with you, after the "fatigues of a crown; for you have made the

"life

"life of a milk-maid dearer to her than that "of a queen." I forgot the Queen of Golconda, and, ſaw only my Aline. We were alone; and as queens are women, I recovered my former youth, and treated Aline as if ſhe had preſerved hers; becauſe it is never ſuppoſed to be loſt by a queen.

After this agreeable meeting, Aline took again her dreſs of queen, preſented to her by a faithful ſlave, by whom ſhe had been followed. We then returned to the palace, where I ſaw her receive the nobility with a grace and bounty that charmed all who approached her. She looked kindly on ſome, ſpoke to others, and ſmiled upon all: in a word, ſhe had very much the appearance of every body's miſtreſs, and did not ſeem to be the Queen of any one.

When dinner was over, at which all the Court was placed at her table, I followed her into a retired walk; when ſhe deſired me to ſit down beſide her, and related to me her laſt adventures, in theſe words:

"The Marquis of Caſtelmont was killed "in a duel about three months after your "departure,

" departure, and left his afflicted widow to
" console herself with 5,000*l.* a year. A
" part of his estates was in Sicily; and, as I
" was told, required my presence. I em-
" barked for this voyage with pleasure; but
" an unfavourable wind obliged my frigate
" to anchor on a distant coast, where a vessel,
" still more unfavourable, boarded and took
" us. It was a Turkish ship, and our crew
" was treated in the severest manner, and my-
" self in the gentlest of which a Turk is ca-
" pable. The captain carried me to Algiers,
" and thence to Alexandria, where he was
" impaled."

" I was sold as a slave, with the rest of his
" servants; and fell to the lot of an India
" merchant; who brought me here, and
" taught me the language of the country, in
" which I made great progress in a little time.
" Poverty I had experienced, but never mis-
" fortune; and could not endure a state of
" slavery. I ran away from my master, with-
" out knowing whither I was going, and was
" met by the King's eunuchs; who, finding
" me handsome, presented me to their Lord.

" My attempts to ſave my virtue were vain ;
" and I was ſhut up in the Seraglio, where,
" the following day, I received from all about
" me the honours of Favourite Sultana,
" which the King had granted me during the
" night. In a ſhort time, the paſſion of his
" Majeſty had no bounds, and my authority
" as little. Golconda, accuſtomed to obey
" the edicts I dictated in the interiour of the
" Seraglio, ſaw me, without aſtoniſhment,
" become the wife of it's Sovereign ; who,
" long before, had been only the firſt of my
" ſubjects. In my palace I remembered the
" little village where I had preſerved my in-
" nocence ; and, above all, the charming
" valley in which I loſt it. I wiſhed to in-
" dulge my eyes with the intereſting reſem-
" blance of the ſcene of my early years, and
" my earlieſt pleaſures. It was I who built
" the village you ſaw in the middle of my
" park. I have given it the name of my
" former country ; and it's inhabitants are
" treated as if they were my relations, or my
" friends : every year, I marry a certain num-
" ber of their daughters ; and often admit

" the

" the o'deſt among them to my table, to re-
" preſent my old father and poor mother,
" whom I ſhould be happy to honour if I
" had ſtill the good fortune to poſſeſs them.
" The graſs of the meadow is never beat
" down but by the dances of the young men
" and girls of the village; and, as long as I
" live, the axe ſhall ſpare the trees which
" imitate thoſe that favoured our amours with
" their ſhade. My ruſtic dreſs, preſerved
" among my royal ornaments, does not ceaſe,
" in the midſt of the ſplendour that ſur-
" rounds me, to remind me of my original
" obſcurity. It forces me to honour the
" ſtate in which I was leſs deſpicable than in
" thoſe I have ſince been raiſed to: it bids
" me reſpect human nature in every ſituation,
" and teaches me how to reign."

What a charming Princeſs was this Queen of Golconda? She was at once a good Queen, a good King, and a good philoſopher. She was ſtill more, for ſhe was a good **piece*. Alas! I had only known it about a fortnight,

* If the French word *jouiſſance* can be otherwiſe rendered, the tranſlator will confeſs himſelf in the wrong.

when I was ſurpriſed with her by her huſband, and obliged to make my eſcape from his kingdom, out of the window of her bed-chamber. Soon after I returned to France, where the greateſt dignities and the greateſt diſgraces awaited me, without my deſerving either of them. I have ſince wandered without fortune, and without hopes, from country to country, and have at laſt met you in this deſart, where I intend to ſettle, as I find at once both ſolitude and ſociety.

My reader has, perhaps, thought, till now, that I was relating my hiſtory to him; but, as he did not aſk me for it, he muſt not take it amiſs if I addreſs my narrative to a little old woman covered with palm-leaves, an ancient inhabitant of the deſart to which I had retired, and who had deſired me to tell her the moſt intereſting of my adventures. Thoſe who have read them may have found them dull; but the old woman liſtened to me with ſingular attention. She did not loſe a word; and, when I had done ſpeaking, told me, "That what pleaſed her moſt in my hiſ-"tory was, it's not containing a word but

"what

"what was true." "How do you know "that?" ſaid I; "perhaps I have told you "lies from one end to the other." "I am "very certain of the contrary," ſaid ſhe. "Your ladyſhip deals a little in the black "art," anſwered I. "Not altogether," replied ſhe; "but I have a ring which enables "me to judge of the truth of what you have "told me." "I do not know," ſaid I, "any "other than Solomon's ring that can poſſeſs "ſuch virtue." "Do you know that of "Aline?" ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, and ſhewing me her hand: "Aline, whom you raiſed to the "throne of Golconda, and whoſe fall from "it you cauſed: who, a fugitive, and proſcribed, is come to ſeek, in this ſolitary "retreat, an aſylum from the rage of "her huſband; which you avoided by jumping out of the window."

"What," cried I, "is this you again? I "muſt be very old then; for, as well as I can "recollect, I am a year older than you; "though it is not poſſible to be a year older "than your face!" "What ſignifies," ſaid ſhe, in a ſerious tone, "our age or our ap

" pearance? we were formerly young and " handſome; let us be wiſe at preſent, and " we ſhall be happier than ever. In the age " of love we diſſipated our pleaſures, inſtead " of enjoying them. Now we are in the ſea- " ſon of friendſhip, let us devote it to enjoy- " ment, inſtead of regret. Our pleaſures are " momentary, but we may enjoy content as " long as we exiſt. One reſembles a drop of " water; the other, a diamond. They ſhine " both with equal brilliancy; but the ſmalleſt " breath of air deſtroys one, while the other " reſiſts the efforts of ſteel itſelf. One bor- " rows its ſplendour from the light; the " other contains the principle of light in its " ſubſtance, and darts its rays in the midſt of " obſcurity. Thus every thing deſtroys " pleaſure, but nothing can affect content."

She then conducted me to a lofty mountain, covered with different kinds of fruit trees; a rivulet of clear water ran down from its ſummit, winding in a thouſand mazes in its deſcent, and forming a reſervoir at the entrance of a grotto hollowed out in the foot of the mountain. " See," ſaid ſhe, " whether this

" is

" is ſufficient to content you. This is my " abode, and ſhall, if you pleaſe, be yours. " The earth here requires but little cultiva- " tion to re-pay your pains with abundance. " This tranſparent ſtream invites you to drink; " and from the top of the mountain your eye " will diſcover ſeveral kingdoms at a time. " Go up, and you will breathe a purer and " more ſalubrious air; you will be farther " from the earth, and nearer heaven. Con- " ſider from thence what you have loſt, and " tell me if you wiſh to recover it." I fell at the feet of the divine Aline, full of admiration of her worth, and contempt of myſelf. Our love became greater than ever, and we found the univerſe in each other. I have already paſſed ſeveral delightful years with my ſage companion, and have left my fooliſh paſſions and prejudices in the world I have quitted. My hands are become more laborious, my knowledge more profound, and my heart more tender. Aline has taught me to find happineſs in moderate labour, in calm reflections, and in ſoft ſentiments; and it is only at the end of my days that I begin to live.

THE MAD GIRL OF ST. JOSEPH'S.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH of the Chevalier DE GRAVE.

IT was two o'clock in the morning, the almoſt exhauſted lamp in the court-yard gave but a glimmering light, and I was retiring to my apartment, when I thought I heard a noiſe at the foot of the ſtair-caſe. I called out twice, "Who's there? What are "you about there?" and was anſwered by a ſoft and touching voice, "It is I: don't "you ſee that I am waiting for him?" As I was not the perſon expected, I was walking away; when the ſame voice called to me, "Pray come here; but don't make a noiſe." I approached, and near the laſt ſtep, behind the pillar, perceived a young woman dreſſed in

in white, with a black ſaſh, and with her hair falling in diſorder on her ſhoulders! "I "never did you harm," ſaid ſhe; "pray do "not hurt me.—I have touched nothing; I "am here in a corner, where I cannot be "ſeen—this injures nobody—but don't ſay "any thing about it: don't mention it to "him.—He'll come down preſently.—I ſhall "ſee him; and then I'll go away."

My ſurpriſe increaſed at every word; and I tried, in vain, to recollect this unfortunate creature—her voice was perfectly unknown to me, as well as whatever I could diſcover of her perſon. She continued to ſpeak; but her ideas became ſo confuſed, that I could diſcover nothing but the diſorder of her head, and the diſtreſs of her heart.

I interrupted her, and endeavoured to bring back her attention to our ſituation.—"If ſomebody elſe," ſaid I, "had ſeen you "before I did at the foot of the ſtair-caſe?" "Ah!" ſaid ſhe, "I ſee very well that you "do not know all.—He alone is ſomebody—"and when he goes away, he does not, like "you, liſten to all he hears: he only hears

"her

" her who is above. Formerly it was I: now " it is ſhe:—But it will not laſt.—Oh! no, " no, it will not laſt!"

At theſe words ſhe took a medallion from her boſom, and ſeemed to examine it with much attention.

A moment after we heard a door open; and a ſervant holding a light at the top of the baluſtrade enabled me to diſtinguiſh a young man, who tripped lightly down ſtairs.

As he paſſed, his hapleſs victim was ſeized with an univerſal trembling; and ſcarcely had he diſappeared, when the reſt of her ſtrength forſook her, and ſhe fell on the lower ſtep, behind the pillar that concealed us. I was going to call for aſſiſtance, but the fear of expoſing her prevented me; and I took the poor creature ſenſeleſs in my arms. The ſhutting of the door above was then heard—ſhe ſtarted at the noiſe, and ſeemed to revive a little.—I held her hands in one of mine, and with the other ſupported her head. She tried to ſpeak; but the ſounds ſhe endeavoured to utter were ſtifled by her grief. We remained ſome time in a ſilence, which I did not dare to interrupt;

interrupt; when, at laſt, having entirely recovered the uſe of her ſenſes, ſhe ſaid to me, in a ſoft and faultering voice—"Ah! I ſee "very well I ought to have warned you:— "The accident that has juſt happened to me, "muſt have made you uneaſy, for you are "good and kind: you muſt have been afraid, "and I am not ſurpriſed at it; I was like "you; I was afraid too when I found myſelf "in this ſituation; I thought I was going to "die.—And I feared it, for that would have "deprived me of the only means of ſeeing "him, which is all that I have left.—But I "have found out, yes, I have found out that "I cannot die.—Juſt now when he paſſed by, "I left myſelf to go to him!—If he died, I "ſhould die too—but without that, it is im-"poſſible.—We only die where we live; and "it is not in myſelf, but in him, that I exiſt.

"Some time ago—I was mad!—Oh! yes, "very mad indeed! and that will not ſurpriſe "you, as it was in the beginning of his going "up this ſtair-caſe.—My reaſon is now re-"turned.—Every thing goes and comes; and "ſo does that. This medallion, which you

"ſee,

" ſee, reſtored it to me :—It is a portrait; but " it is not that of my friend. What good " would that do? He is very well already; he " has no occaſion to improve—he has nothing " to alter. If you did but know whoſe por- " trait it is! It is the wicked woman's above " ſtairs—The cruel creature! What trouble " has ſhe given me ſince ſhe approached my " heart!—It was ſo content; ſo happy;—but " ſhe has deranged and deſtroyed all!—One " day—I recollect it very well—I happened " to go alone into my friend's room.—Alas! " he was no longer there!—I found this por- " trait on his table: I took it; ran away with " it; and ſince that I am better." After ſaying this, ſhe began to laugh: talked of the publick walks, of phaetons, and of horſes; and I once more perceived a total confuſion in her ideas.

Some moments after, when ſhe left off ſpeaking, I drew nearer to her; and aſked, " Why ſhe preſerved, with ſo much care, the " portrait of the *wicked woman above ſtairs?*"

" How!" anſwered ſhe. " what, you do " not know? — Why, it is my only hope: " —I

" —I take it every day, put it by the ſide of " my looking-glaſs, and arrange my features " like hers. I begin already to be a little " like her; and, by taking pains, I ſhall re- " ſemble her exactly.—I will then go and ſee " my friend: he will be ſatisfied with me, and " will no longer be obliged to go to her above " ſtairs.—For, except *that*, I am ſure he likes " me beſt.—Only think on what trifles our " happineſs depends! on ſome features which " he found no longer diſpoſed to his liking. " Why did he not ſay ſo?—I would have " done then what I do now; and he would " not have been obliged to apply to a ſtranger. " Nothing was more eaſy, and it would have " ſaved us both a great deal of trouble: but " without doubt he did not think of it.

" Every evening I wait at the foot of the " ſtair-caſe: he never comes down before the " Convent bell has ſtruck two:—and then, " as I can't ſee, I count the beatings of my " poor heart.—Since I have been in poſſeſſion " of the portrait, I count every day ſome " pulſations leſs!—But it is late, and I muſt " go from hence,—Adieu!" I accompanied her

her to the ſtreet door. As ſoon as without, ſhe turned to the left, and I walked on ſome paces with her. She then ſuddenly fixed her eyes on the ſtream of light which the lamps formed before us. "You ſee all theſe lamps," ſaid ſhe, "they are agitated * by every breath "of air:—it is the ſame with my heart—it "burns like them:—but they conſume, and "I burn for ever!"

I continued to follow her. "Stop," ſaid ſhe, again: "return home; I carry away "with me a part of your ſleep, and I am to "blame: for ſleep is very ſweet; it is even "ſo to me.—I ſee in it what is paſt."

I feared to afflict her by inſiſting any longer, and left her. However, my fear that ſome accident might happen to her made me follow her with my eyes, as I walked on gently behind. She ſoon ſtopped at a little door, went in, and ſhut it after her. I then returned home, my mind and heart equally agitated, and this unfortunate creature continually before my eyes. I reflected on the cauſe

* In France the lamps are ſuſpended on lines acroſs the ſtreets.

of her misfortune: and ſome regret — and the remembrance of ſome paſt circumſtances, were mingled with my tears. I was too much affected to hope for reſt; and, while waiting for day-light, wrote down the ſcene to which I had been witneſs.

AZEF:

AZEF:

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF SENTIMENT.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

CHAPTER FIRST.

How Azef became diſſatisfied, and turned Philoſopher.

IN the kingdom of Viſapour was a young man whoſe name was Azef; which, in the language of that country, ſignifies happy. In poſſeſſion of an immenſe fortune, formed for a votary of Love, and beautiful as the God himſelf, it is eaſy to believe that Azef was reſpected by all the men, and adored by all the women. It is true he excited envy in the breaſts of ſome, but he gave them regularly very good dinners; and, what was bet-

ter than all the reſt, was tenderly beloved by young Nedoua, the faireſt of all the virgins of Viſapour; though at that time their number was very great.

A Chineſe philoſopher once ſaid, that happineſs, unmixed with care, enervates the ſoul; and, in the end, wears out our affections. Woe to them, added he, whoſe enjoyments are not purified by the flame of expectation and deſire! Azef was one of theſe: loaded with all the gifts of fortune, he became every day more nice in the choice of his amuſements; and, at laſt, found even life itſelf tireſome. "I am out of patience with all "theſe people," ſaid he, one day; "I never "ſpeak without being applauded, they watch "my moſt trifling deſires, and wherever I "turn my eyes I ſee nothing but ſurfaces "that inceſſantly eſcape me. I believe ſincerely, they change their ſouls with as "much eaſe as I change my dreſs. My table "is covered with the rareſt birds of the "Ganges; my ſlaves tremble in my preſence; "I am not yet two-and-twenty years old, and "I already number among my conqueſts the "moſt

" moſt lovely women of Viſapour: upon my
" honour, I do not believe there is a man in
" India ſo much to be pitied as I am. I can
" bear it no longer, and am determined to
" fly from this ſtate of apathy and incertitude,
" which throws a gloom over the faireſt days
" of my life: I am reſolved to be happy, coſt
" what it will; every body knows that no-
" thing is more eaſy. Some aim at elevation,
" others at grandeur, but I will take a road
" directly oppoſite. To meet with happineſs,
" it is not ſufficient to know how to value
" what is our own; it is neceſſary alſo to
" have a ſenſe and knowledge of what we do
" not poſſeſs. The only way to be happy,
" is to know how to be more than we really
" are. What pleaſure will be mine! I will
" ſtudy mankind under their different aſpects;
" I will ſeparate realities from appearances;
" analyze and divine that enigma the ſoul;
" and learn the great art of ſelf-knowledge.
" I will apply myſelf to the firſt of all ſci-
" ences, to that which renders us at once wiſe
" and happy; in a word, to philoſophy;
" and, for this purpoſe, I will go to the fair

" at Kaboul." His deeds kept pace with his words. He ſold, without delay, his palaces, gardens, jewels, and ſlaves; realized his immenſe fortune; depoſited conſiderable ſums, in caſe of accidents, in the national bank; and, diſguiſed like a merchant, bade farewell to Viſapour.

Poor Nedoua, according to cuſtom, wept, ſobbed, and tore her hair; but, fortunately for her, a nobleman of Caſhimire undertook to conſole her. He had neither the wit nor beauty of her dear Azef; but his chariots were ſo brilliant, his ſlaves ſo magnificently dreſſed, and his elephants ſo pretty and ſo genteel, that the fair Nedoua could ſcarcely reſiſt ſo many ſeducing objects four and twenty hours; and, according to cuſtom, recovered her former gaiety.

CHAPTER II.

The Princeſs.

WHEN arrived at Kaboul, Azef entered a ſuperb caravanſera, where lodged the fair Zobeida, Princeſs of Candahar. He ſoon found

found means to procure an introduction to her, under pretence of ſhewing his jewels; and the Princeſs, ſtruck with his beauty, detained him as long as poſſible. Some ſtolen glances diſcovered to Azef the lively impreſſion he had made on the heart of the beauteous Zobeida, whoſe hand, ſofter than the down that clothes the lily, ventured gently to touch his. Intoxicated and blinded by love, he did not perceive that the Prince of Candahar was obſerving them both with great attention. As he was a nobleman exceedingly brutal, and by no means indulgent to the caprices of the ladies, he carried off his wife that very evening, and took the road to Candahar with all ſpeed. Scarcely had the diſconſolate Princeſs time to write theſe few words to her dear Azef: "A barbarian "drags me from you—I ſhall die with grief "—farewell! farewell, dear Azef; but ne-"ver forget the wretched Zobeida."

Azef, as it is natural to ſuppoſe, was inconſolable: for three whole days he wept the loſs of the Princeſs very ſincerely; and three long days more for decency's ſake; when, at

laſt, he recollected that he had left Viſapour on purpoſe to give himſelf up to the ſtudy of Philoſophy. "Let me fly from Kaboul," ſaid he, "where every thing renews the idea "of Zobeida: but, alas! I carry about me "the ſhaft that rankles in my boſom." He directly ordered his camels to be loaded, took the Egypt road, a little aſhamed of his weakneſs, and found his ſorrow in great meaſure diſpelled by the open air.

CHAPTER III.

Generoſity.

AT the entrance of a foreſt, he heard at a little diſtance loud cries of diſtreſs; and, following the direction of the ſound, ſaw four Arabs who had juſt thrown to the ground a young man of uncommon beauty, and were on the point of depriving him of life. One of the aſſaſſins fell lifeleſs at the feet of the brave Azef; the other three fled, and hid themſelves in the thickeſt part of the wood. The young ſtranger proſtrated himſelf

ſelf before his deliverer, calling him his father, and his guardian-angel. Azef raiſed him up, embraced him, dreſſed his wounds himſelf, and offered him one of his camels. "I am going to Cairo," ſaid the young man. "It is my intention likewiſe," anſwered Azef; "and you will oblige me much by re-"lating your hiſtory as we go on."

"My name is Aſſan," ſaid he; "I am ſon "of a jeweller of Bagdad; I adore the in-"comparable Mizouf, the daughter of Na-"bal, and am tenderly beloved by her. But "Nabal, who is one of the wealthieſt inha-"bitants of Cairo, has declared that he will "never conſent to our union, becauſe I am "not ſufficiently rich. Touched by my paſ-"ſion, my father ſold all he poſſeſſed; but, "after all his efforts, was able to give me "only five thouſand pieces of gold. I was "in hopes, by my induſtry, to treble my ca-"pital; and, in the ſpace of ſix months, had "already doubled my ſlender patrimony; but, "when in ſight of port, we were aſſailed by "a dreadful tempeſt: the veſſel was wrecked, "and I ſaved myſelf by ſwimming; for life

" will ever be dear to me while I am beloved
" by the fair Mizouf: beſides, I am uſeful
" to my father, who is old and infirm; my
" labour renders his poverty more tolerable;
" and, although I am the cauſe of his mis-
" fortune, he bleſſes me every day!

" Twice a month I go to Cairo to ſee my
" dear Mizouf: we paſs but an hour toge-
" ther; but we ſwear to love one another for
" ever; and I return immediately to conſole
" and aſſiſt my father.

" In paſſing through this foreſt, I was at-
" tacked by robbers; and it is to you, generous
" ſtranger, that I owe the happineſs of ſtill
" living for my lovely Mizouf."

Azef was affected by the narrative of the young and beautiful Aſſan. " Carry me with
" you to Nabal's," ſaid he. " Alas!" anſwered Aſſan, " he is inexorable." " No
" matter, I wiſh to ſee the young object of
" your affections, that I may judge whether
" ſhe be as beautiful as your deſcription."

As ſoon as they reached Cairo, they went together to the old man's. Azef, on ſeeing his daughter, was dazzled by her beauty: when

when ſhe ſpoke, he was enchanted; and ſoon forgot Zobeida for Mizouf. "I will be obe-"dient to the will of my father," ſaid ſhe, in a low voice. "I will not marry Aſſan; but "I'll love him as long as I live!" Azef exerted all his eloqueuce to prevail on the father of Mizouf. "Ten thouſand pieces of gold," anſwered the obſtinate old man, "or I keep "my daughter."

When returned to the Bazar, Azef retired to his tent; and addreſſing the lover of Mizouf; "Aſſan," ſaid he, "I ſaved your life; "and you have yourſelf been witneſs of the "ill ſucceſs of my efforts with the father of "your young miſtreſs: I am rich, and am "going to aſk her in marriage of Nabal: "but, as it would be cruel for you to loſe at "once your fortune and Mizouf, take ten "thouſand pieces of gold, and return to "Bagdad."

"Why did you ſave my life?" anſwered Aſſan, overwhelmed with conſternation: "had "I died, my wretched deſtiny would not now "oblige me to loſe at once my dear Mizouf, "and the eſteem I had for you. Keep your "gold,

"gold, which I deſpiſe; but, if you ſtill "preſerve any ſentiments of humanity, take "care of my father: for my part, my only "reſource is death. Ah! Mizouf!" cried the unhappy Aſſan, his eyes ſwimming in tears as he ceaſed to ſpeak.

Azef was ſilent for a few moments. "Aſſan," ſaid he, "I am ſatisfied with your "ſpirit; this trial is ſufficient; take the ten "thouſand pieces of gold, and the daughter "of Nabal is yours." The young man ſtood motionleſs; but, ſoon giving way to a tranſport of gratitude, he fell, a ſecond time, at the feet of the generous Azef, unable to ſpeak, but embracing his benefactor's knees; "Riſe up," ſaid his friend; "I ſhould be "criminal if I engroſſed moments which, like "theſe, are due to love."

CHAPTER IV.

The Libeller flogged.

ASSAN married his miſtreſs; and the generous Azef, yielding to the entreaties of the young

young people, accompanied them to Bagdad. The meeting of the worthy old man and his ſon was very affecting; and Azef found in their gratitude all the charms of beneficence.

The caliph Aaron Alraſchild, then reigning at Bagdad, wiſhed to ſee Azef and the happy couple, and ordered his vizir Giafar to bring them into his preſence. The tender Mezouf and beautiful Aſſan related their hiſtory to the illuſtrious Aaron with ſo much nobleneſs and grace, that the prince could not conceal his emotion and admiration.

"Young man," ſaid the caliph to the generous Azef, "inhabit my palace, diſpoſe of "part of my treaſures, and be my friend." "Commander of the faithful," anſwered Azef, throwing himſelf at his feet, "I am "not ambitious of riches. I travel only to "form my mind, and to ſtudy philoſopy and "mankind. I will remain ſome time with "your ſacred Majeſty, ſince you deign to "permit me; but I beg you will allow me "afterwards to purſue my travels and re-"ſearches." The Caliph admired his anſwer; and Azef followed the illuſtrious Giafar.

He

He ſoon became the favourite of Aaron, who informed him of all his projects, and communicated to him his moſt ſecret thoughts.

As Azef's views in matters of government were great, he prevailed on Aaron to aboliſh, throughout his dominions, ſeveral abuſes which time, prejudices, and the intereſt of ſome graſping individuals, had raiſed to the rank of fundamental laws. He applied himſelf particularly to the reform of the criminal code, which was not at Bagdad as in France *, a maſter-piece of humanity and philoſophy.

The law, in its proceedings, ſeemed rather to aim at proving the guilt than the innocence of the priſoner. He obſerved to the Caliph, how much ſuch cuſtoms were contrary to the dictates of reaſon and humanity. "Aboliſh, "above all," ſaid he, "proviſional impriſon-"ments and preparatory tortures, the abſurd "remains of the ancient *ordeals* of fire and "ſword; torments invented, as is ſaid, by "aſſaſſins thirſting after gold and blood; and

* To determine whether the author's meaning is ironical, attend to what follows.

"ſince,

" ſince, by inhuman magiſtrates and barba-
" rous prieſts, made the terrible fore-runners
" of puniſhment, often fatal to innocence,
" and ſometimes favourable to the obſtinacy
" of guilt."

The Caliph and his prime miniſter, who were both men of genius, were ſenſible of the importance of Azef's advice: the father of a family, and the obſcure citizen, were no longer confined in dark dungeons on ſuſpicion, or at the pleaſure of a ſingle man. The debtor and the aſſaſſin were no longer confounded in the ſame priſon. Counſellors were given to the accuſed: he who proſecuted was no longer permitted to make the report of the trial, and the abſurd ceremony of adminiſtering the oath, as well as previous torture, was aboliſhed throughout the dominions of the beneficent Aaron Alraſchild, in the year of the world 2780, according to certain Chineſe chronologiſts.

A little bonze, belonging to the court, who from time to time carried ſweet-meats and prohibited books to the chambermaids of the Caliph's miſtreſſes, imagined one day, that

he might perhaps acquire the reputation of a great man, and make a great fortune, if he could only find means to compoſe a good large libel on the operations of the miniſtry. He wrote for this purpoſe a long pamphlet againſt Azef, and demonſtrated inconteſtably, that the non-admiſſion of the oath, the abolition of tortures, and in general all the reclamations of philoſophy, were notoriouſly contrary to the dogma of the immortality of the ſoul; and that the preſervation of innocent citizens implied a doubt of Mahomet's having ſplit the Moon aſunder, as it is written in the ſeventh Jura of the divine Alcoran.

"How could I believe the ſoul periſhable," anſwered Azef modeſtly, "ſince even matter "itſelf does not periſh?"

The Caliph and Giafar laughed at the impertinence of the little bonze; but as his calumnies had made ſome noiſe in the markets and alleys of Bagdad, Aaron had him brought before his throne, and finding by his anſwers that he was rather a knave than a fanatic, ordered him to be flogged in his preſence by his eunuchs. Happy the age when

ſove-

ſovereigns liſten to philoſophers, when philoſophers are not ſyſtematical, and when ſlanderers and libellers are publicly flogged!

CHAPTER V.

Mahmoud and the tomb.

"WHAT an excellent opportunity," ſaid Azef, "to ſatisfy at once my ambition and my "vanity. It is a great pity it ſhould be written, "that ſages ought to reſiſt the attacks of two "paſſions, ſo deſtructive of happineſs and virtue. "I am the favourite of a powerful monarch; his "Grand Vizir fears and eſteems me; his Ma-"jeſty's miſtreſſes load me with preſents, and "the poets of Bagdad call me, my Lord. "I ſee it is time to abandon all theſe bril-"liant chimeras; the pleaſure of diſdaining "them far exceeds the cold enjoyments they "procure."

The Caliph tried in vain to detain him. Aſſan and the beauteous Mizouf wept. Azef appeared affected by the tenderneſs of their gratitude, embraced them both, and departed, carrying

carrying with him the bleſſings of the people of Bagdad.

As ſoon as he was arrived at Baſſora, he was introduced to the celebrated Mahmoud. "Come and ſee," ſaid his conductors, "the "wiſeſt of the children of the Prophet: "born indigent, but rich in virtue and know- "ledge, he diſdains the offers of the moſt "powerful princes of the earth. He is in- "duſtrious and ſober; his labour ſuffices for "his wants: in ſhort, Mahmoud, the wiſe "Mahmoud, is elevated by his diſintereſtedneſs "and philoſophy above the moſt potent and re- "doubtable of kings." Azef found the philo- ſopher alone, and ſitting by a table covered with books. A bed of ruſhes, and ſome inſtru- ments of mathematics, announced the taſte and ſimplicity of the maſter. "Sage Mahmoud," ſaid Azef, "permit me to be one of your "diſciples, and let my mind become the "child of your mind. I travel to improve "my heart and my reaſon, and it is in the "ſociety of ſages like you that the ſoul is di- "lated and inflamed." "Yes," anſwered Mahmoud, "we all reſemble flints that, ſtill

"covered

" covered by the froſt, ſtrike fire when they " come in contact with ſteel."

" But wherefore does the illuſtrious Mah- " moud inhabit an obſcure retreat; he who " ought to ſee at his feet all the treaſures of " the Eaſt?" " I have been offered grandeur " and riches; I have refuſed them: my vir- " tue is enough for me; and, notwithſtanding " my indigence, I think myſelf richer than " the monarchs, whoſe preſents I have diſ- " dained." This anſwer threw Azef into a profound meditation.

The daughter of the philoſopher was the only topic of converſation at Baſſora: fair as the Houris, deſtined to ſolace the choſen of God, ſhe had wept for two years a huſband ſhe adored, and her ſorrow was as famous as her beauty.

Mahmoud, after ſome objections, conſented at laſt to conduct Azef to his daughter. Since the death of her huſband ſhe had quitted the abode of the living, and had ſhut herſelf up in a tomb conſtructed at a mile's diſtance from Baſſora. Azef ſhuddered on entering the the place which the daughter of Mahmoud

inhabited: the tears ſtood in his eyes: never had he been ſo much affected by any ſpectacle whatever. Imagine a ſpacious apartment, whither the beams of day never penetrated, and where the pale and glimmering light of a lamp varied every moment the form of the objects which it ſcarcely rendered viſible; ſable hangings covered the walls and cieling of this melancholy place; in the middle was a monument of black marble, ſurmounted by a Cupid, who with one hand extinguiſhed his torch in a ſtream formed by his tears, and with the other threw a veil over the buſt of Nadour's huſband. Round the tomb were ſeen ſeveral *bas reliefs*, repreſenting the principal events of his life; while ſhe herſelf, in long mourning garments, and on her knees at the foot of the monument, imprinted her lips, and ſtretched out her ivory arms on the inanimate marble, her hair, which half concealed her heavenly ſhape, falling in long treſſes to the earth.

Two turtle doves, as white as ſnow, mingled their complaints with the faultering accents of the beautiful Nadour.

At

At the voice of Mahmoud, ſhe turned her head: her face was pale, her lips diſcoloured, and her eyes ſparkling with a gloomy and melancholy fire. She did not weep, but her grief appeared only the more majeſtic. "Young "ſtranger," ſaid ſhe, "why do you come to "profane this ſanctuary of tears and ſorrow." The anſwer of Azef, dictated by the moſt expreſſive ſenſibility, ſeemed to pleaſe Nadour, and a few tears made their way through her half-cloſed eye-lids.

The young man was not maſter of himſelf; all the faculties of his ſoul were ſuſpended; and it was not without difficulty that Mahmoud found means to drag him from the preſence of Nadour.

CHAPTER VI.

The contempt of death.

AZEF left Baſſora, and, after a fatiguing journey of ſeveral days, reached a very large and well-peopled town, the inhabitants of which ſeemed ſo gentle and affable, that he

reſolved to make it his reſidence for ſome time.

The day after his arrival, he was waked by the ſound of trumpets and kettle-drums. He roſe; went out, and obſerved, in the public ſquare, a ſcaffold, ſuperbly decorated, with an infinite number of people crouding around it. "What is the meaning," ſaid he, "of all this preparation?"

"It is a hiſtory which you will find very "extraordinary," anſwered one of the ſpectators.

"Our government is republican, and we "are reputed free, becauſe we enjoy the poor "advantage of chuſing our maſters; but we "are, in fact, like many other people, no-"thing but ſlaves, on whoſe chains is written "the word *Liberty*.

"One of our citizens, the moſt virtuous, "perhaps, among us, but ſtill young, and "led away by his patriotiſm, aſſerted, in a "publication full of eloquence and fire, the "rights of nature, of nations, and of the "people. His enemies, jealous of his virtue "and talents, ſeized the opportunity to ruin "him.

" him. They accuſed him of having form-
" ally ſaid, ' That it was a matter of indiffe-
" rence, whether the right or left-hand were
" put to the turban, in ſaluting the Firſt
" Satrap.'

" If he really pronounced theſe imprudent
" words, it muſt be confeſſed that he is high-
" ly criminal: but his accuſers and judges are
" not leſs barbarous; for he is condemned to
" loſe his life; and, what is ſtill more cruel,
" he is not the only victim.

" His father, who is ninety years old, and
" his young wife, who adores him, have ob-
" tained permiſſion of our magiſtrates to die
" with him, in virtue of the immutable liberty
" of our citizens."

The three victims ſoon made their appear-ance; pronounced each a very handſome diſ-courſe, which affected the whole audience; and, after having bid one another farewell in the moſt moving manner, received the fatal ſtroke.

All the ſpectators ſeemed to feel the trueſt emotion: the ladies, who were that day very richly dreſſed, took out their ſmelling bottles,

and ſnuffed up volatile ſalts in abundance. Every one then returned home to attend to his affairs, or his pleaſures; while Azef continued in amazement, and had his camels loaded with the greateſt expedition.

CHAPTER VII.

The Muphti's Daughter.

IN an inn at ſome miles diſtance from thence, he met with a woman of conſiderable beauty, who was accompanied by a great number of ſlaves, richly dreſſed. The haughtineſs diffuſed throughout her features gave expreſſion to her countenance. —— Azef's noble air ſeemed to intereſt her, the divine prophet having endowed him with that ſoftneſs, that inexplicable charm which attracts and ſeduces without leaving a poſſibility of defence. The fair ſtranger perceived that Azef inſpired her inſenſibly with a confidence, of which ſhe could not divine the cauſe.

"I am the daughter of a Muphti," ſaid ſhe, "and my name is Azema; my father, "whoſe

" whoſe tenderneſs for me was very great,
" entruſted the care of my education to an
" Arabian phyſician, named Alif; who, by
" an aſſiduous ſtudy of the moſt hidden ſecrets
" of nature, had found means to reduce to
" obedience a number of genii, always ready
" to execute his commands.

" The prince of Calicut ſaw and loved me:
" he was as handſome and as witty as an angel.
" I reſiſted three years; and my ſeverity had
" nearly coſt him his life. At length, touched
" by his merit and conſtancy, I confeſſed the
" conqueſt he had made: he appeared tranſ-
" ported, and never did lover ſpeak with
" more warmth and energy. My paſſion
" equalled his: and ſeveral months had al-
" ready glided away in the moſt delightful
" union; when, one evening, returning from
" my bath, I ſurpriſed him in the arms of
" the youngeſt of my ſlaves. I thought I
" ſhould have died; but my rage gave me
" ſtrength. I haſted to throw myſelf
" at the feet of Alif, and conjured him to
" revenge my affront. Moved by my tears
" and my deſpair, he invoked his demons,

" and ordered them to tranſport the body of " the prince of Calicut to one of the Pyra- " mids of Egypt, after having enclоſed his " ſoul in a golden box, which he intruſted " to me.

" For a year paſt, my heart has been tor- " mented by all the furies of love and ven- " geance; but, at length, my tenderneſs has " got the better of the recollection of my " affront. I am going to Egypt, to reſtore " the fickle prince of Calicut to life, and " have his ſoul in my pocket." " Revived " by you, fair Azema," anſwered Azef, " he cannot ceaſe to be, for the future, the " moſt faithful of lovers." The daughter of the Muphti ſmiled, and left him with regret; while Azef, loſt in his reflections, left his road to the direction of chance.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Genius.

TOWARDS the evening, Azef, overcome with fatigue, ſat down at the foot of a tree,

tree, and ſoon after fell aſleep. His ſlumber was of a ſupernatural kind; his ſenſes being agitated by one of thoſe delightful and intoxicating emotions, which the Prophet reſerves for the deareſt of his elect.

One would have ſuppoſed him rather enchanted than aſleep; but his ſoul was waking; and, being no longer embarraſſed by his bodily functions, became leſs different from the nature of thoſe intermediate genii deſtined to govern our little terraqueous globe. "Who are you?" ſaid Azef, to a certain ſomething which he did not ſee, but of which he perceived the approach and preſence. "I "am the genius Azael," anſwered a celeſtial voice. "Ah! my Lord," replied Azef, "ſpare me, I pray. I am only a poor philo- "ſopher of theſe lower regions, who wan- "der about blindfold in ſearch of truth. As "yet I have diſcovered nothing but a multi- "tude of errours; that is, always ſomething, "it is true; but notwithſtanding, it becomes "very tireſome, and if your excellence——"

"Very willingly," interrupted Azael, who comprehended his meaning at once: 'it is "long

"long ſince I have taken notice of you; your "efforts move my pity; and I wiſh to ſave "you all ſuperfluous trouble. Come along "with me; I am the perpetual ſecretary of "the academy of Genii, and, what is more, "their librarian. I have the keys of the la- "boratory, and will tranſport you thither." "You have then academies and books?" ſaid Azef. "Alas! yes," anſwered the Genius, ſorrowfully; "and that is the reaſon "why we are ſtill ſo far from perfection: "that is to ſay, from the Being of Beings, "and Sovereign Creator. You are ſuperior "to an emmet; I am above you; and there "are beings with whom our nature is in the "ſame degree of relation: every order makes "but a link of the great chain." "I had "ſome little ſuſpicion of all this," anſwered Azef; "but ſhow me, as ſoon as poſſible, "I beſeech you, ſome of thoſe valuable "truths of which you have the key."

As ſoon as he had ſpoken theſe words, they found themſelves in an immenſe apartment, where Azef ſaw a croud of Genii, who were arranged in groupes round ſeveral tables, and who all appeared very buſy. "Who

"are

" are theſe people?" ſaid Azef. " They " are our chymiſts," anſwered the Genius; " and we employ them to prepare and com- " pound all the different diſpoſitions and paſ- " ſions which agitate and torment the inha- " bitants of your globe. What various " effects are produced below by the different " agents of which we have the receipt!"

" And pray what is that genius about at " my right hand, who ſeems to work ſo very " careleſsly?"—" A trifle—it is doubtleſs the " ſoul of ſome hero; which is a matter of " ſo little importance, that we generally leave " it to a beginner." " I muſt confeſs, this " ſtrangely deranges my ideas," replied Azef. " Really?" ſaid the Genius; " nothing, " however, is more eaſy. The ſouls of " Alexander and Cyrus coſt us infinitely leſs " trouble than that of the moſt frivolous fe- " male. A grain of vanity extraordinary, " fermented in a body compoſed of fibres and " blood, produces what you call heroiſm; " and leads equally to the gallows and to " conqueſt; for it is proved, that each in- " dividual is governed by two powerful mo- " tives, his *conſtitution* and his *fortune*."

CHAPTER IX.

Anatomy of the Paſſions.

"THE ſentiment we ſuppoſe we feel," continued the Genius, "is very different from "that by which we are really actuated. The "great actions, for inſtance, which your hiſ- "torians and politicians conſider as the effect "of a great deſign, or of great courage, "often owe their birth to the ridiculous con- "vulſions of humours and paſſions: but the "paſſions, my dear Azef, as one of your "philoſophers, inſpired by us, has very well "obſerved, reſemble certain poiſons, which "neceſſarily make part of the compoſition of "the moſt ſalutary remedies.

"Self-love, when it is not an abſolute and "excluſive ſentiment, is the origin of all our "virtues; but it is neceſſary that it ſhould "paſs the bounds of human egotiſm." "So," ſaid Azef, "you admit ſelf-love as the main- "ſpring of the ſoul." "This truth is be- "come ſo common," anſwered the Genius, "that it is not even doubted by you little "reaſoners,

" reaſoners, who glean philoſophy in your " comical hemiſphere. All is a modification " of ſelf-love, from the love of life to the " contempt of death: the humours of your " body, it is true, participate this honour. " The young citizen, whom you ſaw ſuffer " death with ſo much conſtancy, was then " actuated by a ſpecies of ſelf-love, more " powerful than the natural inſtinct that at- " taches us to life. His young wife and aged " father died with him, becauſe they thought " death leſs terrible than their grief. Believe " me, men do nothing ſpontaneouſly, but " what they prefer; your virtues, your vices, " and your ſacrifices, are neither more nor " leſs than preferences.

" Mahmoud would not have choſen an ob- " ſcure retreat, and oſtentatious poverty; he " would not have refuſed the treaſures offered " him; if he had not conſidered his indigence " as a ſecret vengeance taken of the injuſtice " of fortune. You yourſelf thought ſo, " when you refuſed the favours of Aaron: " your motive, and that of the little bonze " who was flogged for his libel, were pre-

" ciſely

" ciſely the ſame: beſides, the contempt of " riches is one of the greateſt refinements of " you profeſſors of human wiſdom. Nadour " weeping at the foot of her huſband's tomb; " Nadour conſuming her youth and beauty " in retirement and tears; Nadour preyed " upon by the bitterneſs of grief; was ſtill " more ſo by ambition and vanity. Such is " the nature, and ſuch the motives of thoſe " pompous ſorrows that impoſe on the vulgar. " Her father, who ſeemed to ſhare her diſ- " treſs in ſo lively a manner, did not wipe " away one of her tears, without thinking " that all Baſſora repeated, 'Mahmoud, the " wiſe Mahmoud, is wholly employed in " conſoling Nadour.' Nothing is more equi- " vocal to the eyes of a ſevere obſerver than " thoſe oſtentatious conſolations, thoſe pub- " lick marks of ſenſibility, that are accom- " panied by ſo much parade.

" Azema, the haughty, the generous " Azema, pardoned the prince of Calicut. " But could ſhe do better after being re- " venged?"

" Your

" Your virtues are, for the moſt part, the " children of ſelf-intereſt and induſtry; calm- " neſs, moderation, and heroiſm in misfor- " tune and in torments, are no more than " the art and faculty of confining the agita- " tions of violent and tumultuous paſſions to " the ſoul. Your ſincerity itſelf is often no " more than a more artful kind of diſſimula- " tion: the practice of virtue often proceeds " from an inability to obey the dictates of " vice: you think you have abandoned it, " and it often happens, that your weakneſs " is a better protection than your force or " reaſon; you think you are virtuous, " when you are only weak. That kind of " indulgence, which you take for a real ſoft- " neſs of diſpoſition, is often no more than " impotence. Men are very ſeldom really " good; they are only complaiſant. A num- " ber of virtues, that excite your admiration " and applauſe, are in the ſame predicament. " Generoſity, by which he who gives, and " he who is only a ſpectator, are equally in- " toxicated, is, eſpecially on ſignal occaſions, " no more than ambition diſguiſed; an artful

" refine-

" refinement of ſelf-intereſt: or the vanity of " giving, which you prefer to what you give.

" Do not loſe ſight of this maxim, pride " on one hand, ſhame on the other, and the " natural diſpoſition of our organs, nerves, " and fibres, produce the moſt brilliant vir- " tues; and the man who ſwells with ſelf- " applauſe and pride would often bluſh, if " he knew the principle of his great actions: " I have already obſerved, that the humours " of your body govern them; the ſame cauſe " that produces a fever, produces many vir- " tues, as well as many vices; they are ei- " ther developed or ſuppreſſed by circum- " ſtances: every action has its ſtar, and what " are we to conclude from thence?—That " the wicked are thoſe who deceive others; " and the good thoſe who deceive them- " ſelves."

CHAPTER X. And laſt.

Of Love.

" FOLLOW me," added the Genius; and led Azef towards ſeveral tables. The anſwers of the greateſt part of the working genii

genii were almoſt wholly uniform: never did ſimilar cauſes produce more various effects. Azef was aſtoniſhed, but the Genius took no notice of his ſurpriſe.

"What I have ſaid as to your virtues," continued Azael, "is in general applicable "to your vices. Fortunately the ſovereign "Demiurgos has wiſely taken care not to "give you a ſingle vice at a time; a man with "only one would be the moſt wicked in the "univerſe. Your vices, by croſſing and ſuc-"ceeding each other in their turns, are reci-"procally weakened and deſtroyed; and "this is one of the principal cauſes of the "eternal contradictions of the human mind." "You diſcourage me," ſaid Azef; "a little "more, and I ſhall have loſt all taſte for "philoſophy." "You would be in the "wrong," anſwered the Genius; "employ "it only in ſetting a juſt value on things, "and you will perceive how neceſſary it is to "mankind. Make uſe of it as of a torch, "deſtined to throw a light on the different "events of your life; and you will ſee that "you are never either ſo fortunate or unfor-

" tunate as you ſuppoſe. Believe me, in " proportion as you endeavour to find happi- " neſs, it becomes the more difficult to be " found; and philoſophy, my dear Azef, " like phyſic, is a preſervative, and nothing " more. Imagination was an arm, which " the Great Being had given you; but you " have turned its point againſt yourſelf. " Your ſenſes were given you for truth as " well as for errour—" " But," ſaid Azef, " you muſt confeſs, that truth is in the ſame " predicament as virtue; the appearance is " more engaging than the thing itſelf." " I " confeſs," replied Azael, " that the appear- " ance of truth has done more harm in the " world than truth itſelf will ever do good; " but mankind is too curious; and I was going " to tell you, when you interrupted me, that " it is neceſſary to add another agent, the " motive of the greater part of your paſ- " ſions." " And what is that," ſaid Azef? " Curioſity," anſwered the Genius. He then led him towards an immenſe table, where a " numerous company of genii were working " with great activity: " As we have no time

" to

" to loſe," ſaid he, " I will not ſpeak of " ſecondary paſſions: examine theſe phials." Azef obeyed; and read on one of them, *Love deſtined for novices*; and below, in the form of a liſt, CURIOSITY, VANITY, FIRST EFFERVESCENCE OF THE BLOOD. " This " other kind," ſaid the Genius, " is for cer- " tain women, who, having once taken a doſe " of love, are no longer capable of taking " any thing but lovers." Azef read theſe words in large characters: VANITY, WARMTH OF CONSTITUTION.

On the greateſt part of the other phials was only the ſingle word * *ſpleen*. " This," ſaid the Genius, " is the origin of the gene- " rality of your vices. Spleen alone is in " general the cauſe of the wickedneſs, and " even of the death of you puppets of the " lower world; for it is to avoid it that men " plunge themſelves into all the diſorders that " deſtroy or ſhorten life." " By the head of " Mahomet," cried Azef, tranſported with rage and ſhame, " you ſhall not make me

* *ennui*.

" ſubſcribe ſo eaſily to this principle as to the " others. I remember very well, that I was " paſſionately in love with the fair Nedoua, " and her Serene Highneſs the Princeſs of " Caſhimire. Aſſan loved the charming " Mizouf, and——" " Softly," interrupted the Genius, " be calm, and liſten: you " loved the fair Nedoua, becauſe you were " only two and twenty, and becauſe ſhe was " beautiful: you loved the Princeſs of Ca- " ſhimire for a moment, becauſe ſhe was a " Princeſs. I would be more favourable to " the youthful Aſſan and charming Mizouf, " were I not afraid that the charm and illu- " ſion of difficulties had ſupplied the place " of love in their hearts.

" Nothing throughout the wide limits of " nature is more rare than true ſenſibility; " nothing more ſcarce than real love: only " one kind exiſts; but we ſcatter over your " globe millions of imitations, which may " be compared to plants that vary according " to the ſoil that produces them. You think " you are inſpired by love, when you are " only impelled by a kind of curioſity, the

" effervescence

" effervescence of which is somewhat stronger
" than usual, because nature lends her assi-
" stance. You think you are inspired by love,
" when you are only actuated by gallantry,
" which is no more than its shadow.

" The same philosopher whom I just now
" quoted, has said, 'True love is like appa-
" ritions; every body speaks of what very
" few have seen. Many men,' adds he,
" 'would never have been in love, had love
" never been spoken of in their presence.

" The trouble of resisting gives birth to
" this passion in the hearts of many women,
" and the pleasure of being beloved perpe-
" tuates it there: besides, they know very
" well that love, and even violent love, is
" one of their best cosmeticks.' Young man,"
continued the Genius, giving to his voice
more energy and elevation, " believe me,
" true love and true sensibility cannot exist
" without virtue; every weak being will ever
" think he loves, and will ever be incapable
" of feeling that passion.

" Those who have defined sensibility, have,
" as it generally happens, defined their own

" ſenſations, and not the thing itſelf. Senſi-
" bility does not conſiſt in the ſuſceptibility
" of emotion, but in the capacity, force, and
" faculty of loving. Men have more tender-
" neſs than ſenſibility; more affection than
" love; are more inclined to laviſh what is
" ſuperfluous, than capable of offering what
" is neceſſary; and he who would think him-
" ſelf much honoured in giving you an en-
" tertainment, would refuſe you a cruſt of
" bread: for which reaſon the only way never
" to be diſſatisfied with mankind, is never to
" want aſſiſtance.

" The narrow circle of our emotions is
" often miſtaken for the ſoft and intoxicating
" tranſports of true ſenſibility; of that ex-
" panſive and celeſtial faculty, that abſorbs
" the individual, and that annihilating all
" ſentiment of egotiſm, attracts us with irre-
" ſiſtible force and power to the object we
" prefer to ourſelves.

" What I have ſaid of ſenſibility, I may
" alſo ſay of love. You take for true love
" that paſſion of the ſoul which is no more
" than a deſire of dominating, or that pre-

" tended ſympathy of mind which is only an
" object of convenience, and often imagi-
" nary; for repentance and ſhame almoſt
" always follow your paſſions; and the moſt
" unequivocal proof that a man no longer
" loves, is his being aſtoniſhed at his love.
" The effervescence of your blood, and your
" unſettled imaginations, equally begin and
" terminate the greateſt part of your attach-
" ments. This is the reaſon why thoſe wo-
" men who have ſufficient flexibility of mind
" and ſoul to give a variety to their form,
" have made the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting
" impreſſions; for the ſeat of pleaſure is
" rather in our taſte than in the real nature
" of things. Perfect love does not exiſt any
" more than perfect virtue: love is, however,
" always relative to virtue, and where that
" does not exiſt, is not to be found: it pro-
" ceeds from the ſoul, is equally durable,
" and is no farther true, than as it conſiſts in a
" real exchange of the intellectual faculties
" and wills of the individuals: the exceſs of
" this kind of love raiſes it above jealouſy;
" the characteriſtick that diſtinguiſhes it, is

" its increaſing by abſence, and its making " thoſe, in whoſe ſoul it dominates, find more " pleaſure in the ſentiment they experience, " than in that they inſpire: but although a " thouſand great revolutions of the ſun, that " is to ſay, thirty thouſand of your years, " have been completed ſince it pleaſed our " Common Maſter to create me, I have as " yet, in the multitude of your ſpecies, male " and female, met with only two lovers capa- " ble of fulfilling the conditions I have juſt " enumerated. The young female was miſ- " treſs of all the perfections a human ſoul " can poſſeſs.

" Her lover——" " Ah!" cried Azef, tranſported, " you ſhall relate to me all this " intereſting ſtory." " You may depend " upon it," anſwered the Genius.

But, unfortunately, at that very inſtant, Nature, who gives up none of her rights, recalled, rather abruptly, the ſoul of the young philoſopher to his body. " What " o'clock is it?" ſaid Azef. " My Lord," anſwered a ſlave, " it is time to ſet off." On the road the young reaſoner reflected pro-

foundly on his viſion; nor was it the firſt time a philoſopher had made dreams the object of his ſage deliberations. The reſult of all his reflections was his return to Viſapour; where, the day after his arrival, he took poſſeſſion of his palaces, his riches, and his ſlaves.

He was careſſed, praiſed, deceived, betrayed, and calumniated. He was the object of libels and panegyricks, but read neither one nor the other. He neglected no enjoyment, troubled himſelf about nothing, amuſed himſelf with the various ſcenes this world affords, looked upon mankind as actors by profeſſion, eſtimated every thing according to its real value, perceived the vanity of all things, even of philoſophy, adored God, injured nobody, and, when he was old, erected a temple to SELF-INTEREST.

A

TALE

In the Manner of STERNE.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

"MY friend," ſaid I, "I have nothing "to give you." — This was addreſſed to an old man covered with rags, who had approached within a ſtep or two of the coach-door, his red night-cap in his hand. — His mouth was ſilent, but his attitude and eyes aſked charity. He had a dog, who, as well as his maſter, kept his eyes fixed upon me, and ſeemed to ſolicit relief.

"I have nothing," ſaid I, a ſecond time.

It was a lie, and betrayed a want of feeling. — I bluſhed at having ſaid it. — But, thought I to myſelf, theſe people are ſo troubleſome!—This one, however, was not ſo.—"God preſerve you," ſaid he, humbly, and retired.

"Ho!

"Ho! Hey! Ho! Hey! horſes in a mo-"ment!" A berlin had juſt drove up. The poſtilions were all in motion. The beggar and his dog advanced, obtained nothing, and withdrew without a complaint.

A man who has juſt behaved improperly, would be ſorry to meet any one who, in his place, would not have done the ſame. If the travellers in the berlin had beſtowed any thing on the beggar, I believe it would have given me ſome concern.—"After all," ſaid I, "theſe people are much richer than I am; "and ſince—Good God," cried I, "is their "cruelty an excuſe for mine?" This reflection ſet me at variance with myſelf.—I looked after the poor man, as if I wiſhed to call him back. He was ſitting on a ſtone ſeat, his dog before him, reſting his head on his maſter's knees, who continued to ſtroke him, without paying any attention to me.

Upon the ſame ſeat I perceived a ſoldier, whoſe duſty ſhoes proclaimed him a traveller. He had laid his knapſack on the ſeat, between him and the beggar, and upon his knapſack his hat and ſword. He was wiping his fore-

head

head with his hand, and ſeemed to be taking breath to continue his journey. His dog (for he too had a dog) was ſitting beſide him, and caſt a haughty look upon the paſſers-by.

This ſecond animal made me more attentive to the firſt; who was black, ugly, and bare of hair. I was aſtoniſhed that the old man, reduced to the utmoſt want, would ſhare with him a ſcanty and uncertain ſubſiſtance.—However, the mutual kindneſs of their looks, ſoon put an end to my wonder.—"O thou! "the moſt amiable, and moſt loving of all "animals," ſaid I to myſelf; "thou art a "companion, a friend, and a brother to man. "Thou alone art faithful to him in misfor- "tune; and thou alone diſdaineſt not the "poor."

At this moment, a window of the berlin was let down, and ſome remains of cold meat, on which the travellers had breakfaſted, fell from the carriage.—The two dogs ſprang forward—The berlin drove away; and one of them was cruſhed beneath the wheel—'Twas the beggar's.

The

The animal gave a cry.—It was his laſt. His maſter flew to his aſſiſtance, overwhelmed with the deepeſt deſpair. He did not weep. Alas! he could not. — "My good man," cried I.—He looked ſorrowfully round. I threw him a crown-piece.—He let the crown roll by him, as if unworthy his attention.—He only thanked me by an affectionate inclination of the head, and took his dog in his arms.

"My friend," ſaid the ſoldier, holding out his hand, with the five ſhillings which he had picked up; "the worthy Engliſh gentleman "gives you this money.—He is very happy; "he is rich! but all the world is not ſo.—"I have nothing but a dog: you have loſt "yours.—Mine is at your ſervice." At the ſame time, he tied round his dog's neck a ſmall cord, which he put into the hand of the old man, and walked away.

"*O Monſieur le Soldat,*" cried the good old man, on his knees, and extending his hands towards him.—The ſoldier ſtill went on, leaving the beggar in a tranſport of gratitude.

But

But his bleſſings—and mine will follow him wherever he goes.——" Good and gallant " fellow," ſaid I, " what am I compared with " thee? I have only given this unfortunate " man money, but thou haſt reſtored to him " a friend."

IMIRCE:

IMIRCE:

OR,

THE CHILD OF NATURE*.

A Free Tranſlation from the FRENCH of the Abbé LAURENT.

I WAS born in France, in what province I cannot ſay: I never knew either father or mother, and my infancy laſted twenty-two years: 'till I had attained that age I never beheld either heaven or the earth. A rich philoſopher bought me a few days after my birth, and had me brought up in a cellar at his country-houſe, with a boy of the ſame age. Our eyes were covered with a leathern bandage, carefully faſtened on; and in this ſtate we were taught to ſeek our bread in a baſket, which was let down from the cieling,

* This tale is much longer in the original; but a great deal that was either local, or perſonal, or appeared unintereſting, has been ſuppreſſed.

and our water in a large baſon, that was repleniſhed three times a-day, by a mechaniſm unknown to us. As ſoon as we appeared capable of taking care of ourſelves, a ſoporiferous drug was mixed with our water, which threw us into a profound ſleep.

During our ſlumber the bandage was taken from our eyes, and when we awoke we ſaw the light for the firſt time. It made its way into our priſon through two ſmall windows; which, however, were large enough to enable us to diſtinguiſh very plainly all the objects about us. The cellar was built with ſtone, clamped with iron, and the pavement was the ſame.

The enjoyment of this new ſenſe gave me much pleaſure, and had the ſame effect on my companion. We were, however, ſoon preſſed by hunger, and went feeling about for the perſon who had been accuſtomed to lead us to the baſket, and who had always ſeemed of a ſize much greater than our own. We were already beginning to utter our complaints, when a baſket was let down from the vault above. This object frighted us, and we drew

drew haſtily back towards the extremities of the cellar; but, as our hunger continued to be importunate, the boy, more courageous than I was, walked up to the baſket, took a bit of bread out of it, and called me to him in a tranſport of joy. The water we had found out before.

The following day the baſket made its appearance at the ſame hour; and we fell upon it with all the eagerneſs of fowls, haſtily devouring the barley thrown into their coops. We paſſed our infancy in jumping, running, and placing ourſelves in a thouſand different attitudes. We were not without our little pleaſures; nor was there any moment in which we felt more joy than in thoſe we employed in emptying the baſket. We already underſtood one another; but our words were few, as well as our ideas. The ſounds we uttered were guttural, and reſembled a good deal the diſagreeable cries of certain animals.

The boy, whom I called Emilor, which ſignified in our language *the ſtrength and joy of my being*, ſlept by my ſide, and did not

leave me a moment alone. He ſaw my boſom increaſe in prominence, and, delighted with this object, careſſed it inceſſantly. I was ſometimes angry, for his long nails hurt me; but Emilor, to my great ſatisfaction, learned by degrees to touch it with more gentleneſs.

Nothing could exceed the kindneſs of my companion, whoſe attention as well as mine was principally attracted by the objects that were deſtined to be the future inſtruments of our pleaſure. We were for ever touching and examining one another: our hearts, pure as the light of day; and our innocent hands found nothing indecent in theſe natural careſſes. Thus we ſee the children of civilized nations, whoſe native candour prejudices have not yet impaired, play at the mother and child, whip one another, and gaze with emotion on the moſt ſecret parts of each other's bodies. This inſtinct among children is doubtleſs that of nature, and was ours.

We were, however, the cauſe of uneaſineſs to each other, and wanted ſomething to complete our happineſs. I grew pale, my lover ſad, and we were both tormented by vague deſires,

deſires, which we ſought to gratify. One night our union was more perfect than uſual, and, without knowing what we were about, we offered our firſt ſacrifice to love. The ſlight pain that attended it was amply re-paid by a tranſport of delight; and I felt that pleaſure was preferable to bread, to the baſket, and to the maſter of the cellar.

I became pregnant, and was delivered of a boy without ſuffering much from the pains of child-bearing. Emilor ſeemed ſenſible of my ſituation, and, as well as myſelf, was much ſurprized at the apparition of the little creature, both of us feeling equally a lively attachment for it. It ſoon began to ſeek the breaſt; and, as I lay reclined, the head of my child reſted on my boſom, as on a ſoft cuſhion. Emilor came every inſtant to look at the fruit of our pleaſure; ſeemed pleaſed to ſee it made like himſelf; and gave me a thouſand kiſſes as marks of his gratitude.

Thus become a mother, the care of my child was my principal occupation: when it cried in the night, its father laid it gently on my boſom, and ſhared with me the care of

its infancy. We were perfectly happy, and hoped to be ever ſo, when, one unlucky morning, I perceived that the child was without motion: we uttered terrible complaints, and not being as yet acquainted with death, placed the little innocent between us, to give it new warmth, and to re-call it to life. Some days after, the change that took place in the corpſe obliged us to remove it; and as the ill ſmell continued to increaſe, we were at laſt under the neceſſity of putting it in the moſt diſtant corner of the cellar.. However, we went every day to ſee what was become of the child, and were much ſurprized when we perceived a multitude of little beings come out of its body. Some time after, we ſaw nothing remaining but the bones. This event made us uneaſy: we could not comprehend why the child was in that ſtate, nor wherefore it had paſſed ſo ſuddenly from life to death; which, in our language, we called the *bad-ſmell* *.

* In the original, *puanteur*; which, notwithſtanding the vaunted delicacy of the French language, is an expreſſion rather too coarſe for ours.

This

This knowledge of death took off from our happineſs: a ſecret foreboding ſeemed to threaten us with the ſame misfortune as had befallen our child. Beginning to communicate our ideas to each other, we aſked, "Who had "made the cellar? and for what purpoſe it had "been made?" We could not comprehend how it could have been made out of nothing. The idea that we attached to this word was, that we had not the materials to make ſuch another. Sometimes we aſked, "Where do "we come from?" "What are we?" "What "do we do here?" "Where ſhall we go to?" But all theſe queſtions ſerved only to confuſe our ideas.

My huſband, more enlightened than I was, ſaid to me, "This cellar did not make itſelf; "an Emilor, far more intelligent than we, has "conſtructed it; it is doubtleſs he who ſends "down the baſket. What we call *nothing* "is, perhaps, ſomething known to him alone. "If he does not ſhew himſelf to us, it is be- "cauſe there is no reaſon why he ſhould: "he makes himſelf ſufficiently known by "his cellar, his basket, and his bread. Then

"do not let us puzzle ourſelves to find out "things, of which it is his will that we "ſhould be ignorant; we cannot make a "cellar as he has done; let us live in his; "love one another, and eat his bread."

Death, or, as we called it, the *bad-ſmell*, embarraſſed Emilor: the conduct of our maſter aſtoniſhed him. "This death," ſaid he, "ſpoils all!" As we enjoyed a little light, we gave to the day the name of the maſter's eye; and to the night that of the eye of death. When the latter came, and buried our priſon in darkneſs, we lay down, to ſignify that it was the will of death, that we ſhould remain in the poſition in which it places thoſe whom it attacks; but, when the day appeared, we ſtood up, to ſhew ourſelves to our maſter's eye. My huſband had obſerved the unequal length of the days and nights, and fancied that death, and the maſter of the basket, had agreed between them to make the days ſometimes long, ſometimes ſhort.

One morning we found a roſe in the baſket, and were ſtruck with admiration of this beautiful

beautiful gew-gaw of nature. Its ſweet perfume made us believe that it was not a production of what we called the *bad-ſmell*; we placed it before us with great veneration, and ſtretched ourſelves on the earth to inhale its delicious balm. Two hours after the roſe faded; and we thought it was attacked by death. My huſband then ſaid to me, "Every "thing that the maſter of the baſket makes "is not good, ſince death ſpoils all: it ſeems "that it has more power than he; he makes "things, and death deſtroys them: there "are, without doubt, two maſters of the "cellar: one makes the bread, and the other "is death."

The philoſopher, or proprietor of the cellar, whom I ſhall call Ariſtus, ſaw our actions through one of the windows. The adventure of the roſe aſtoniſhed him, and induced him to ſend us down a parrot. The beauty of the bird delighted us: we thought it was the maſter of the cellar, and ran towards it; the parrot was afraid, and fluttered about, and, by this kind of motion, to which we were ſtrangers, inſpired us with much

much reſpect; but Emilor ſeeing it eat out of the baſket, ſaid to me, "This being is "not the maſter of the cellar; it is afraid of "death, and eats to avoid its attacks."

The parrot ſung the following words; which, as ſoon as I underſtood French, I thought pretty:

"Heureuſe mille fois, heureuſe l'inconſtance
"Le plus parfait amour
"Eſt celui qui commence
"Et finit dans un jour."

Ariſtus afterwards ſent us down a mirrour, the ſplendour of which filled us with fear and admiration. Emilor, however, took courage, advanced, and, ſurprized to ſee his perſon doubled, appeared for a few moments much embarraſſed: he called me to him; and I beheld my face grouped with his: theſe two objects united no longer aſtoniſhed my huſband. I let the looking-glaſs fall; and it broke into twenty pieces: Emilor took up a bit of it; and, ſcraping off the quickſilver with his nail, found that the glaſs had loſt

its quality. "The maſter of the baſket," ſaid he, "does wonders with nothing."

I preſerved very carefully ſome of the other pieces, and admired myſelf in them a hundred times a day: I ſmiled on my face reflected in the glaſs, and congratulated myſelf on being pretty. The days that I found my complexion leſs clear than uſual, I retired to the moſt obſcure part of the cellar, pretended to have the head-ach, and, although unacquainted with faſhionable manners, gave myſelf all the airs of a woman of faſhion.

A monkey was afterwards ſent down to us; and, from its near reſemblance of a man, was the occaſion of our forming a thouſand reflections: we found it a being leſs perfect than ourſelves; and this contributed to confirm Emilor in his opinion that there were two maſters of the cellar. "He who made this "ugly man," ſaid he, "is not ſo perfect as "he who formed you and me."—A few days after, the monkey returned with the baſket.

His departure made my huſband wiſh that we ſhould place ourſelves in the baſket too: "Let us go," ſaid he, "and ſee the maſter "of

" of the cellar; he is good, he will be kiud " to us; and I ſhall be glad to ſee a being " who gives me ſo excellent a thing as bread, " and ſo charming an object as you."

Ariſtus ſaw us in the baſket, and divining our intention, had us drawn up to the height of ten feet, and played off a fire-work over our heads. We trembled at the dazzling light of the fire, and our fear was much increaſed by a number of ſerpents that came winding about us, and by their loud exploſions terminated the ſhow. The baſket was then ſuddenly let down, and we leaped out of it, almoſt ſenſeleſs with fear. " O my dear " friend!" ſaid I, to my huſband, " our " maſter knows every thing, ſees every thing, " hears every thing, and has diſcovered our " raſh deſign." The effects of fire, with which we were unacquainted, and the noiſe of the exploſion, ſo frighted us, that we really believed we had offended the maſter of the cellar.

The following day, the baſket not making its appearance, we uttered the loudeſt complaints. " Alas," ſaid I, to my huſband, " the

" the good being who gave me your heart
" puniſhes us, without doubt, by depriving
" us of bread, which is the ſupport of our
" exiſtence and pleaſure: death will ſoon
" change us into duſt, as it did my child; let
" us die together, my dear Emilor; for the
" hope of my bones being united with yours
" is pleaſing to my ſoul."

I threw myſelf into his arms; and, cloſely locked in his embraces, waited for death, or, as we called it, the *bad-ſmell*, without dread of its approach: but the day after the baſket came again, and with it came content.

I had been twenty-two years in this priſon, when Ariſtus perceived I was pretty, fancied my mind equal to my perſon, fell in love with me, and took me from his cellar. One evening, when he had laid us aſleep with a drug infuſed in our water, I was taken from the arms of Emilor, and removed to a chamber. I awoke much ſurprized to find myſelf in a lighter place, and ſad on not ſeeing my huſband there; whom I called with the loudeſt cries. Melodious muſick then ſtruck my ear, and by the ſoftneſs of its ſounds allayed my

ſorrow. An inſtant after I heard a noiſe, the *new cellar* opened in the middle, and I ſaw Ariſtus appear, with a hat and plumes of large red feathers on his head, and with a petticoat like that worn by the natives of South America, hanging as low as his knees. This man was fifty years old; but his moderate corpulence, and the freſhneſs of his complexion, rendered him ſtill agreeable. Though I was frightened on ſeeing him, I ventured to take a loaf he held out to me, and immediately hid myſelf under the bed. Ariſtus withdrew; I left my retreat, and endeavoured to find out the place where the new *cellar* had opened: not ſeeing any thing, I began to think that Ariſtus was the maſter of the basket; and recollecting Emilor's ideas of his goodneſs, and flattered with the pleaſing hope of his preſerving me from death, I felt my confidence increaſe. Two hours after, he made his appearance again, and I began to dance round him. Pleaſed with theſe ſigns of joy, he gave me an apple; and as he ate one himſelf, I imitated his example, and found the fruit delicious.

The face of Ariſtus, like that of my huſband, and the feathers in his hat, ſimilar to thoſe of the parrot, diminiſhed my admiration. I approached him with greater freedom; and, thinking to do him honour, ſang the parrot's verſes. Ariſtus, touched with the ſoftneſs of my voice, came and embraced me; and, as I was naked, kiſſed my boſom with tranſport, and loaded me with careſſes. I looked under his veils, to ſee if he reſembled my huſband in every point: he divined my meaning, and made me a ſharer with him of the intoxicating pleaſures of love. Novelty and change, ſo agreeable to womankind, gave new charms to the bliſs I experienced; and, from that moment, poor Emilor was forgotten.

The care of my new lover, the intelligence nature had endowed me with, and aſſiduous application, enabled me in a few months to underſtand French, as well as to write and ſpeak it. The philoſopher enriched my mind with a thouſand kinds of uſeful information. I was dreſſed by his order; and, charmed with the brilliancy my new ornaments added

to my beauty, was ſoon reconciled to my cloaths, which at firſt I had found inſupportable.

Satisfied with my rapid progreſs, Ariſtus prepared to give me a ſight of the beauties of nature; and made me paſs the preceding night in an apartment fitted up on purpoſe to ſurprize me agreeably. In the morning he waked me at the firſt approach of day-light, placed me in an arm-chair, and, giving the ſignal to open two large folding doors, I was ſtruck with the ſplendour of the fair dawning day. "Oh!" cried I, tranſported, "my "dear Ariſtus, what a beautiful *cellar*."—The birds, the verdure, and the proſpect, appeared admirable: but I did not long enjoy the ſight of theſe delightful objects; for my lover, looking at his watch, ſtamped on the floor; the folding doors inſtantly cloſed, and every thing vaniſhed from my eyes. I was afflicted, and asked the philoſopher, "If "that beautiful *cellar* was his?" He anſwered, "No;" but promiſed to procure me the continual enjoyment of all I had ſeen. He ſaid it was neceſſary, for that purpoſe, to accuſtom my

my eyes to the light of a ſtar, the refulgence of which would at firſt dazzle me. Ariſtus was wiſe, he loved me, and I abandoned myſelf to his prudence.

On the day deſtined for my ſeeing the light of the ſun, Ariſtus waked me before the dawn of day. We walked into a garden full of flowers; and I ſaw thoſe innocent children of nature renewing their charms in the fertilizing and brilliant tears that fall from heaven: every thing that ſurrounded me excited my aſtoniſhment. The avenues of trees, of which the branches appeared to me ſuſpended in the air, the ſplendid horizon, the magnificence of the beautiful *cellar*, and all the pomp of the creation, filled my ſoul with mingled reſpect, fear, and admiration; but what was my ſurprize, when I ſaw the ſun appear! I was impreſſed with ſo profound a veneration for it, that I took it for the maſter of the beautiful cellar, and began to dance. Ariſtus divined my miſtake. "This ſtar, "Imirce," ſaid he, "is not the maſter of my "*cellar*; it is the torch of the world, and the "father of the ſeaſons."

The philoſopher then made me return to the houſe, which appeared to me as diſmal a dungeon as that in which I had been brought up. I could not conceive why men inhabited houſes, when they had ſo beautiful a *cellar* as the world, and ſo ſplendid a vaulted roof as that of heaven. "You do not love the maſter "of the fine *cellar*," ſaid I to Ariſtus; "ſince "you prefer living immured in ſtones, to the "pleaſure of enjoying continually the won-"ders with which he regales the eyes!"

The ſky, before ſo beautiful, began to lower; and I ſaw, from the window, the thick black clouds fly ſwiftly through the air. I cried out to the philoſopher, "Your fine "*cellar* will be ſpoiled! I no longer ſee your "ſun! your *cellar* does not laſt like ours! "has death a ſhare in your world alſo?" A terrible and formidable noiſe then ſtruck my ear, and the vaulted roof of the great *cellar* appeared all in a flame! "O Ariſtus!" ſaid I, "your ſun is attacked by death!" The thunder and the rain redoubled, and I ſhook throughout my frame. The fire-works I had ſeen in my priſon were nothing in compa-

riſon

riſon of the dazzling ſpectacle of the atmoſphere on fire.

My lover found means to calm my fears; and I asked him, "Why the maſter of his "cellar frightened me*?" "He makes all "this noiſe," ſaid he, "that we may not "want water to water our cabbages." — "Cannot your maſter water your cabbages "without ſo much noiſe? Is not what you "call thunder capable of giving death to "men?"—"Certainly, if it falls upon them: "every year it kills ſome hundreds, breaks "our tiles, knocks down our chimnies, and "has a particular enmity to ſteeples." — "Cannot the maſter of your cellar do good "without evil? Is he in a conſpiracy with "death? He gives you bread, but on what "terms does he give it? You are expoſed "for it to a million of misfortunes: what "was he thinking of when he made your "cellar?"

* Fools and the Marquis de Carraccioli ſay, when it thunders, that God is angry: hence it ſhould ſeem, that God ſeldom loſes his temper but in the ſummer ſeaſon.

The thunder-ſtorm was ſoon over, and the ſun appeared with more ſplendour than before. I asked the philoſopher, "Why this "ſtar had ſuffered the clouds to hide it?" "This ſtar," ſaid he, "is itſelf the cauſe of "the noiſe you have juſt heard."—"Why "does ſo beautiful a being do ſo much miſ-"chief?" "This," anſwered he, "is but a "ſmall part of its ravages; and yet our "Engliſh philoſophers think him the beſt "of all poſſible ſuns."

A large bird coming to perch upon a tree beſide us, Ariſtus took a long cane, made a noiſe, and the bird fell at our feet. The noiſe, and the flame which came out of the cane, ſtupefied me with fright. When I came a little to myſelf, "You are very power-"ful," ſaid I to the philoſopher; "you carry "thunder about you! how do you find it at "the end of a ſtick? But what! the bird is "attacked by death! Why are you ſo wick-"ed? and what has this innocent animal "done to you?" "I wiſh to eat it." "You "have told me," replied I, "a hundred "times, that life is a perfect ſtate; wherefore

"then

" then do you deſtroy ſo perfect a thing?"—" Becauſe I love good eating, and wiſh to " gratify my taſte."—" Did you give this " animal life?—" No, not I, but the maſter " of the cellar."—" If you have not given " life to this bird," ſaid I, " how dare you " take it away? Have you permiſſion from " your maſter?" Do you not offend him?" I then began to weep; and Ariſtus asking me why, " It is becauſe you are wicked," ſaid I, " and can do the ſame with your thunder to " me that you did to the bird." He told me not to be afraid; ſaid he loved me too well; and gave me a number of reaſons which I did not find ſatisfactory. His being the moſt powerful was the moſt ſolid of his arguments.

The ſun had already dried the earth, and we returned to the garden. I hardly dared to walk, and went trembling forward, for at every ſtep I cruſhed ſome inſect beneath my feet. " Why," ſaid I to the philoſopher, " do you walk without looking before you? " At every ſtep you give death to ſome living " being: have you more bad reaſons to pal- " liate your cruelty?" " Yes," ſaid he, with

an air of triumph, "nature can only be pre-
"ſerved at her own expence; ſhe has covered
"the face of the earth with an infinite num-
"ber of beings, and theſe beings exiſt at the
"expence of one another; the increaſe of
"ſome depends on the deſtruction of others;
"but every ſpecies is ſo prodigiouſly nume-
"rous, that it is impoſſible totally to deſtroy
"it. The inſects that I tread upon are no
"more than a point in a line infinitely ex-
"tended." "Your reaſons," ſaid I, "are
"all equally bad; you deſtroy a part of theſe
"inſects, and fancy, while doing miſchief,
"that you do a favour to all thoſe that you
"cannot deſtroy: your favours are of a ſin-
"gular kind!" He gave me more reaſons ſtill to explain his ſyſtem; however, I could perceive in his *cellar* but little good, a great deal of evil, and ſome things badly enough contrived.

The torch of the world began to incommode me. "Your cellar," ſaid I, to the philoſopher, "is like that in which I was
"brought up, a mixture of good and evil;
"your ſun is troubleſome; and he is in the

"wrong

" wrong to look ſo brilliant while he is hurt-
" ing me." We then returned to the houſe, where looking at myſelf in the glaſs, I found my complexion ſullied. I asked Ariſtus the cauſe of this alteration. He told me, " That " the heat of the ſun had ſcorched my face." I was very angry at what I heard; and, after this diſcovery, no longer loved the ſun.

A little before the ſetting of this ſtar, the philoſopher conducted me to his garden, where I ſaw it terminate it's career, and increaſe in ſize while ſinking on the boſom of the ſea. Now and then it darted more vigorous rays, throwing firey glances on the earth, that it ſeemed to quit with regret. On the oppoſite ſide I ſaw another ſtar appear, more mild and kindly; the temperate luſtre of which my eyes could eaſily ſupport. The vaulted roof, though illumined by its ſtreaming light, was covered with a humid dusky veil; but how agreeably was I ſurpriſed, when I ſaw at once millions of ſilver ſtars make their way through the murky curtains that obſcured them! How beautiful then was the great *cellar!* " O Ariſtus," cried I,

"what a ſparkling roof! how powerful is "your maſter by night as well as by day! "What a charming calm is diffuſed through- "out this cellar! Is this the hour when lovers "reſt on the fair boſoms of their miſtreſſes? "How delicious is the air I breathe! It is "the ſoft breeze that warmed my heart, be- "fore I was acquainted with pleaſure: your "leaves are no longer in motion, your birds "are mute: is there not a myſtery in their "ſilence? Say, my Ariſtus, does this myſte- "rious ſilence ſuggeſt nothing to your "heart?"

My lover threw himſelf into my arms, and all the touching ſpectacle, that had before aſtoniſhed my ſight, now ſwam before my eyes; pleaſure, far ſuperior to the fine cellar, ſmiled at my wiſh, and I was ſtill loſt in a tranſport of delight, when my ſenſes were ſuddenly recalled by the fearful cries of a thouſand funereal birds. Trembling with alarm, I asked the philoſopher from whence theſe ſounds aroſe. "They are the cries," ſaid he, "of the birds of death." "Why," replied I, "does your maſter diſturb the

"tranquillity

" tranquillity of the night? your ſcreech-owls " and your ravens are deteſtable things."— Their horrid ſounds made me retire to the houſe; and I no longer conſidered the beautiful *cellar*, but as the work of a being, who delighted in doing both good and evil.

Ariſtus put on his uſual cloaths, and I thought him ſo ridiculous in this dreſs, that I could not help laughing. He had a black pocket in which he put his hair, and his head was covered with white duſt. I asked what this white duſt was? " Meal," ſaid he, " of " which bread is made." " Is it to do honour " to the maſter of your cellar, that you put " bread duſt upon your head?"—" No, it is " to pleaſe the ladies."—" The ladies then are " fond of white hair?"—" On the contrary; " when men have white hair, they will no " longer have any thing to ſay to them."— " I do not underſtand you," ſaid I, " you " contradict yourſelf; you put white powder " on your hair to whiten it, and to pleaſe the " ladies; and then you tell me, that the " ladies do not love white hair." Ariſtus explained to me the alteration that years make

in

in the hair, and the different ages of man. I then ſaw plainly that the ladies were in the right, and that the old men were much in the wrong to have white hair: "but," ſaid I, "I ſhall grow old then?"—"Yes."—"So "much the worſe; this is another great miſ- "chief in your cellar! It appears to me more "terrible to a pretty woman than death "itſelf."

The philoſopher had a ſtick under his cloaths, which went from left to right. I asked him, what that black ſpit meaned hanging acroſs his poſteriours.—"It is a ſword; an "inſtrument that gives death."—"O, my "friend, why do you carry it?"—"To do "me honour."—"Is it to make uſe of it like- "wiſe?" "Yes, ſometimes."—"You are a "villain then: you have a ſword behind you, "and a thunder at the end of your cane; "and both to give death. You muſt be very "fond of death?" "No; I deteſt it as much "as you do." He then explained to me the point of honour, the decent way of cutting throats, and all the ceremonies of duelling.

Civilized

Civilized men appeared to me no better than wild beaſts, tamed by vanity and pride.

The wife of one of Ariſtus's tenants came in at this moment, and interrupted our converſation. This woman had a bundle of rags in her arms, from which I ſaw a head peeping out ſomething like that of my child. I asked what that figure was that ſhe carried packed up under her arm; and was told it was a child. "What," ſaid I, "has it neither legs nor arms!" "It is the cuſtom "of poliſhed nations," ſaid Ariſtus, "thus "to ſtifle their children in old rags." Your poliſhed nations, thought I, muſt be very barbarous.

Ariſtus then took me into the court-yard; where I ſaw two great animals tied to a very pretty little *cellar*. I trembled on ſeeing my lover walk up to them; but, notwithſtanding their ſize and height, they ſtood quietly to be careſſed. Ariſtus made me ſtep into the little *cellar*, which he called a coach; and, in a moment, the two animals ſprang forwards with ſuch velocity, that I thought we were flying. The philoſopher explained to me the utility

utility of horſes, and the ſervice they are of to mankind. I felt the greateſt reſpect for ſo noble an animal, and loved horſes; as do all men of quality, captains of cavalry, and Benedictine friars *.

While Ariſtus was ſpeaking, we paſſed through two rows of little *cellars*, which he told me was a village; and I there perceived a number of very ſtrange men, whoſe appearance frightened me. One had only one arm, another only one leg, and a third had loſt a thigh. "O heavens!" cried I, "what "horrid men!" We ſtopped a moment, when a man with one arm, and walking but feebly, came up, and begged the philoſopher would give him money: "He had not ate any thing," he ſaid, "for two days." Ariſtus gave him three livres. I was aſking, "Why his maſter "did not give this unfortunate wretch bread?" when, turning round my head, I ſaw a *cellar* full of loaves. I called to the poor man, and, ſhewing him the ſhop full of bread in a tranſport of joy; "My friend," ſaid I,

* The Benedictine friars are a rich order of monks, and conſequently able to keep horſes.

"there

" there is what you are looking for."—The philoſopher divined my blunder. " Do you " ſuppoſe, Imirce," ſaid he, " that this man " may take the bread with impunity? If he " did, others would give him death." " What " do you mean?" ſaid I. " Have you not told " me, a thouſand times, that a man without " bread falls a victim to death?" — " Yes; " and, if he took any bread, death would be " given him likewiſe."—" Make ſenſe," ſaid I, " if you can, of your Galimatia; the God " of your *cellar* is an original: he wiſhes that " you ſhould do a thing, and that you ſhould " not do it." " The maſter of my cellar," ſaid Ariſtus, " is not the author of theſe " laws; we have made them ourſelves, for " the ſecurity of every one's property."— " You make laws then to give death? Indeed " I do not comprehend your meaning."— " Liſten, my dear," ſaid he, " this man is " poor, and if he deſires bread, he muſt work " like the men of my tenant."—" How can " he work; he has but one arm: what would you do if you had but one arm?"—" That " being the caſe, he asks charity; and every

" one

" one gives him ſomething."—" Is ſomething " always given him?" " No; he is often " refuſed." —" You are monſters," ſaid I; " you know that this man cannot earn his " bread; and yet, far from haſtening to ſuc- " cour him, you would let him periſh if he " did not come to move your pity. Is it not " a reproach to human nature to leave the " wretched in diſtreſs? Does it not increaſe " your ſhame, when they are obliged to make " a ſpectacle of their misfortunes, their in- " firmities, and their ſcars? The people of " your cellar are cruel; and, like your cellar, " their hearts are a compound of good and " evil."

A blind man, playing on the violin, came next to ask relief. " Why," ſaid I, to the philoſopher, " does this man, who cannot ſee, " play on the violin? Is he pleaſed at his be- " ing deprived of ſo uſeful a ſenſe as that of " ſight?" " No; he plays only to excite our " compaſſion." " What! you are not ſuffi- " ciently moved by his misfortune; and he " is obliged to employ the means of joy as

" well

" well as of grief? You are ſtrangely cha-
" ritable!"

Meeting with a wood on our road, I begged my conductor to alight, and we walked ſome time in this delightful place. I was ſtruck by its majeſtic appearance, and by the ſilence that reigned throughout the foreſt. I thought this abode well fitted for meditation; a ſecret charm invited me to remain there; and I propoſed to Ariſtus to ſtay. " The maſter of " your *cellar*," ſaid I, " has made this wood " for mankind; why then are they ſo abſurd " as to quit ſuch a charming place, to dwell " among ſtones, like lizards, toads, and " crickets?" I prevailed on myſelf with difficulty to leave the foreſt; my lover promiſing to conduct me, the next day, to a place called the church, where I ſhould ſee the maſter of his ſplendid *cellar*: " But above all, my dear " Imirce," ſaid he, " obſerve the moſt exact " ſilence when there; and do not leave your " place till I take you by the hand."

The cellar in which I had been brought up was nothing in compariſon of that where ſhone the ſun; and I naturally imagined that

the maſter of ſo fine a place muſt be well worth ſeeing. This idea prevented my ſleeping; ſo impatient was I to have a ſight of this great maſter, for whom the philoſopher was full of reſpect, love, and veneration.

Ariſtus took me to church early in the morning. On entering I was ſurprized to ſee men * ſtuck motionleſs againſt the wall; one had a gridiron in his hand; another had a pig by his ſide; another a maſtiff dog; two others were making ſhoes; there was alſo a woman with a pretty child in her arms; but no maſter of the cellar could I ſee.

Half an hour after, I ſaw a man come from the right, in his ſhirt and a red cravat. He had the tail of ſome animal in his hand, which he dipped in water: he then roared out a ſingle word †, and all preſent began to bawl in anſwer. The man in the ſhirt, after this, came and threw ſome water in my face with his tail. I ſhould certainly have inſulted him, if Ariſtus, perceiving my anger, had not whiſpered to me to contain myſelf. What I

* Statues of the Virgin and Romiſh ſaints.

† Benediction, and aſperſion with holy water.

thought

thought the moſt extraordinary in this ceremony, was the tranquillity of the people notwithſtanding his uncivil behaviour, and the eagerneſs of the women to have ſome water from his tail.

This man made his appearance ſome time after in a ſtill more ſingular garb; and, having bawled till he was tired, walked forward with two plates in his hand; a ſmall and a large one. The people put ſome of what is called money in the large plate, and for their money were permitted to kiſs the ſmall one. Every body then retired well ſatisfied to have kiſſed a plate. This was the more ſingular, as all theſe people had plates at home, which they might have kiſſed without a farthing's expence. "It is ſtrange," ſaid I to myſelf, "the men of this cellar love money, and yet "they throw it away to kiſs a plate."

The prieſt then placed himſelf in a great box ſuſpended in the air, which hid the lower part of his body: he ſpoke a long while on death; aſſerted that all men came from its womb; and abuſed every body. "Fathers "and mothers," ſaid he, "your daughters

"are lewd; they go to the woods with the "young men."—This exclamation appeared impertinent to me.—I could not conceive why he wiſhed the girls to go to the woods without their Emilors.—"You love money," continued he, "you are rogues, liars, and "drunkards."—Two things in this ceremony ſurprized me; the trouble this man gave himſelf in inveighing againſt people who loved money, and againſt girls who loved the men; and the indulgence of the audience, who liſtened to his abuſe without reply.

When the ceremony was over, we returned to the houſe. Ariſtus, having obſerved me attentively, ſuſpected what were the queſtions I was going to aſk him; and we were about to begin our converſation, when a ſervant told us all was ready. Hitherto I had not ſeen Ariſtus take any other nouriſhment than bread and fruit; but I now ſaw a table ſpread with a number of diſhes, loaded with fleſh, and exhaling corruption. I ſhuddered at the ſight, and aſked what this preparation meaned, and what was going to be done. "It "is my dinner," ſaid Ariſtus; "this is a "calf's

" calfs head; this a piece of beef; that large " diſh contains ſoup; by the ſide of it is a " ſhoulder of mutton; and on the oppoſite " ſide, a giblet-pye."

I was aſtoniſhed at the air of tranquillity with which Ariſtus gave me an enumeration of his different diſhes. " What! monſter," ſaid I, " you eat beings that have received " life from your maſter! you deſtroy them " firſt, that you may devour them afterwards. " How can you be ſo cruel? and how can ſo " inhuman a carnage be ſuffered in your " cities?"—" Why this is no more matter of " wonder than the running of the Seine " through the town; there are twenty places " in Paris where theſe bloody and mangled " members are publickly diſplayed. We " ſlaughter millions of oxen, calves, and " ſheep, all nature in ſhort, for our ſubſiſ- " tence."—" Has nature," ſaid I, " given " you theſe animals that you may eat them?" —" No; ſhe has given us bread and fruit; " but, as we are prone to miſchief, we ſaw, " while ſtrolling about the woods, tigers tear " wolves to pieces, and wolves devour ſheep;

" and followed their example."—" You make " a good choice of patterns—but where do " you find men ſufficiently barbarous to cut " the throats of innocent ſheep?"—" There " are in every city," ſaid he, " and in every " part of the country, people who ſing while " performing this office; the moſt feeling of " our ladies paſs by a ſlaughter-houſe without " emotion, nor does the ſight of theſe lifeleſs " animals, their palpitating members, or the " blood ſtreaming down them, inſpire them " with fear."—" If there were a part of the " town where men were treated in the ſame " way, would your feeling ladies walk " through it with as much unconcern?"—" No; they would expire with the fright!" " And why have they not the ſame feeling for " the poor ſheep, who give you their wool? " But I underſtand you: you confine your " ſenſibility to your own ſpecies—would it be " leſs perfect, if it were extended to all ani- " mated beings?"

" Our ladies more worthy of admiration " than we, do not confine their love to our " ſingle ſpecies: they are often tenderly in " love

"love with brutes; not to mention their "huſbands, who are not always the beſt be-"loved and moſt amiable animals: and they "frequently die of deſpair on the death of a "parrot, a canary bird, or a lap-dog." — "Do they eat dog?"—"What a queſtion! "they cannot even ſupport ſuch an idea."— "If your ladies devour, without horrour, "oxen, calves, and ſheep, why ſhould they "not eat dog?" "It is becauſe this is a "habit we have not yet contracted. Our an-"ceſtors often ate very bad *ragoos*, but never "taſted dog's fleſh."

The blood-thirſty philoſopher mixed with the fleſh he devoured certain drugs, which he called pepper, ſalt, and vinegar. I aſked him, "Why he put each bit he ate in his "powder of pepper and ſalt?" "But for "theſe drugs," ſaid he, "the meat would "not have flavour enough, nor ſufficient "reliſh to irritate the fibres of our palate." —"Ah! my dear friend!" ſaid I, "do not "you ſee that nature never intended theſe "viands for you, ſince they are neither "agreeable to your taſte or palate, unleſs

" you add to them your pepper and ſalt. " Your palate is the taſter that nature has " given you, to try what is proper for your " ſtomach; but, by the ſeaſoning of your " viands, you deceive your taſter; and you " think, while deceiving nature, that you obey " her dictates.—The people of your *cellar* " are certainly very abſurd."

Alarmed at this ſanguinary repaſt, I begged the philoſopher to explain to me all the dreadful contents of his table. " What do " you call," ſaid I, " the boiling liquid " which I ſee in that large diſh, and which " ſuffocates me with its ſmell and vapour?" —" It is the juice of that piece of beef you " ſee beſide it, and has been extracted by the " means the fire." — " But as the fire has " changed the colour of the beef, has it not " alſo ſpoiled the meat, and corrupted its " nature? does not this juice, received into " your ſtomach, become there a leven of in- " temperate paſſions, and impair your health? " I wonder that you ever arrive at an ad- " vanced age, nouriſhed as you are by fleſh " and corruption.

Some

Some black-puddings next attracting my attention, I aſked, "What thoſe dark-co-"loured pipes were?" "They are a compo-"ſition," ſaid Ariſtus, "of blood of ani-"mals and of their greaſe, which, according "to our cuſtom, we mix with plenty of pep-"per, ſalt, and ſpices."—"O horrible mon-"ſter!" cried I, "not contented with eating "the fleſh of animals, you alſo drink their "blood! You quench your thirſt with the "crimſon current that fills their veins! "Shameleſs wretch! why did not you leave "me for ever in your cellar? I ſhudder at the "thought of living among men who feed "like you."

Every diſh was a new piece of cruelty; but the black-puddings, and the calf's head, frightened me more than all the reſt. "How," ſaid I to the philoſopher, "can you reliſh the "filthy contents of that head? How can you "devour the very ſeat of the inſtinct or in-"telligence of the animal?"—"Yes," ſaid I "we eat head, feet, legs, tongue, heart, "lungs, entrails and all; nay, ſometimes the

" very hair, through the want of cleanlineſs " in our cooks."

The ſecond courſe was brought; and I beheld with ſurprize, a cat * ſkinned and burned make its appearance, attended by a number of different kinds of birds. Theſe very birds, that had appeared ſo beautiful to me in the air and farm-yard, were now monſtrouſly diſfigured. The philoſopher, with all the coolneſs imaginable, cut off their legs and wings, and ate their mutilated members with great appetite.

As ſoon as he had gormandized ſufficiently, he made a ſign: the diſhes were all taken away; and the table was immediately covered again. This was the third time I had ſeen the dinner changed. Surprized at this abuudance, I cried out, " O Ariſtus! what a " quantity of ingredients, and what exceſſive " cruelty do you employ to ſatisfy your appe- " tite! I have ſeen on your table ſufficient to " nouriſh what you call a village; there is no " end to your profuſion. How can your

* It was, no doubt, a hare that Imirce miſtook for a cat.

" ſtomach,

" ſtomach, which is not bigger than your " waiſtcoat pocket, contain, without burſting, " all the victuals you cram in it? Death will " certainly attack you.—I tremble for your " life."

The principal diſh of the third courſe was a large thigh, as black as the chimney: it looked ſo naſty and dirty, that I thought it was brought to make the philoſopher throw up all he had eaten; but I was much aſtoniſhed to ſee him arm himſelf with a knife, cut off a ſlice, put it on his plate, and eat it with incredible appetite. My fright redoubled. " What!" ſaid I, " do you eat that dreadful " fleſh? pray what is that horrid thigh?" " It is a ham," ſaid he. " And what is ham, " pray?" " The thigh of a hog." " But " why is it ſo black?" " Becauſe we hang it " in the ſmoke of the chimney." " Do you " eat ſmoke too?" " No; you miſtake me: " we make it undergo this operation, that the " ſmoke, by penetrating its pores, may cor- " rupt it; and this corruption irritates our " palate, and pleaſes our taſte."

I was

I was all aſtoniſhment at the different kinds of fleſh which he loaded his ſtomach with. "How can your ladies," ſaid I, "whom you "deſcribe as ſo full of ſenſibility and delicacy, "venture to approach you after you have "dined? If you put in your waiſtcoat pocket "calf's head, ſoup, burnt cream, capon, "pepper, ſalt, catchup, and black-pudding, "would not they find the ſmell of this mix-"ture inſupportable?" "Moſt aſſuredly; for "they cannot even bear the ſmell of a lap-"dog's breath when it eats meat." "But "why then do they bear yours without diſ-"guſt?" "Becauſe we walk on two legs." I perceived that Ariſtus' reaſon was a bad one; but, as no good one could be given, it was a caſe of neceſſity.

The diſhes were taken away; and I no longer ſaw any fleſh. The table was now covered with flowers, porcelain images, mir-rours, and other toys, that nobody could eat; theſe trifles, however, were accompanied by fruit; and I learned that this ſpectacle was called the deſert. I ate ſome of the fruit, and found it agreeable. "It is at the mo-

" ment of the deſert," ſaid I, " that I love " your dinner." " It is alſo the moment," anſwered he, " when the heart dilates with " kindneſs; when wit ſparkles, and when " man, reſtored to his nature, finds again the " liberty he has loſt." In reality Ariſtus appeared more gay. He was ſad and ſilent while buſy in devouring his fleſh-meat; but his joy returned with the deſert, and I found my friend more amiable.

During this troubleſome ceremony, three tall young men waited on us with fear and eager watchfulneſs in their looks. I aſked the philoſopher if they were his children? " No," ſaid he, " they are idle ſlaves, hired " to ſerve me." " Why do they ſerve you?" " This *cellar* is not like yours," ſaid he; " part of its inhabitants poſſeſs ſome very " ſmall portions of it, the others have no- " thing: thoſe who have a few lines of " ground, crooked or ſtrait, are rich; thoſe " who have none are poor, and are ob- " liged to ſupply the neceſſities of the rich, " and comply with their caprices for what " we call money; a ſcarce and dangerous " metal,

" metal, with which a man can procure what-
" ever he deſires." I found the invention of money admirable, though in itſelf it had little more real value than the walls of my old cellar. The philoſopher then explained to me the whole ſyſtem of finance, by which I gained a little inſight into the ſyſtem of his *cellar*, and I concluded from thence that money was the curſe of mankind.

We were ſtill ſpeaking of the thirſt of gold which rages in mens boſoms, when a capuchin friar ſuddenly appeared in our preſence. I trembled at the ſight of this man in maſquerade, and ſprang from the table; but Ariſtus ran after me, and brought me back into the room. Still in a fright, I aſked from whence that horrid figure came? And how there could be ſuch imperfect beings in ſo beautiful a *cellar?*" " This being," anſwered Ariſtus, " bating ſome few abſurdities, is a " man like me; and dreſſes himſelf thus, " becauſe he fancies a ſlovenly garb pleaſing " to the maſter of the *cellar*."

This aſſurance of my lover quieted my fears; and I examined the friar from head to foot;

foot; but the more I ſaw of him, the more I doubted his being a man. While looking at his ugly hood, and touching his coarſe dreſs, I thought of taking up the kind of petticoat he wore, to be certain whether he were a man, and whether he were made in every reſpect like Emilor and the philoſopher. My apprehenſions were entirely diſpelled by this expedient; for I had conceived that a man, who was not made like Emilor and the philoſopher, could be no friend to the fair ſex.

The capuchin friar ſeemed aſhamed, or pretended to be ſo; and my protector reprimanded me for having taken up the ſavage's petticoat. "Modeſty," ſaid he, "forbids "your ſex to take ſuch liberties as theſe." "What is modeſty?" ſaid I. "It is a virtue "which obliges women to bluſh when they "ſee a naked man." "A woman then ought "not to look at pleaſing objects? But why "have you made a myſtery where nature has "made none? Pray, who deviſed this ſilly "thing called modeſty?" "Men." "They "are very ſtupid to have deviſed a thing ſo "irkſome. You make virtues then of your

"own

" own ideas? But, tell me, what is this naſty " beaſt of a capuchin friar?" " He is a " monk, who has made a vow to the maſter " of our cellar never to employ the means " nature has given him to propagate his " ſpecies." " It is a pity," ſaid I, " for he " ſeems very capable of it. But why has " this monk promiſed the maſter of your " cellar to avoid all pleaſureable connections " with our ſex?" " To render himſelf more " agreeable to our Common Father," ſaid Ariſtus. " Hark 'ye," ſaid I, " If you put " out your eyes, that you might no longer " ſee your beautiful vaulted roof, would you " be more agreeable to your maſter?" " Cer- " tainly not." " This monk is then a very " ſtupid animal to make ſuch a promiſe! " The loſs of your ſight would be a prejudice " only to yourſelf, but his vow is an injury " to ſome female; and you have always " taught me to believe it wrong to injure " any one *.

I could

* Imirce is excuſable.—She is not yet acquainted with religion, with the merit there is in the garb of a capuchin friar, or with the excellence and utility of monaſtick vows.

I could not get the better of my averſion to the friar's dreſs; and aſked why he made himſelf ſo ſtrange a figure? "To pleaſe the "maſter of the great cellar." This, in all Ariſtus' reaſonings, was ſtill the burthen of the ſong. "Is your maſter," ſaid I, "who "is the author of ſuch great things, fond of "thoſe that are infinitely little? How can "you believe that a figure, which ſtrikes me "with horrour, can give him pleaſure? If, "when in your cellar, I had chewed bread "and ſtuck it on my poſteriors to do you "honour, would you have been pleaſed?" "No; I ſhould have taken it for a piece of "ſtupidity." "Well then! if the maſter of "the fine *cellar* have more wit than you, "muſt he not hold the monks in great con-"tempt?"

Ariſtus ſent the capuchin friar to dine in the kitchen; and ſoon after, the man who had inſulted the people in the church, came in. He had a long black garment on, a

vows. Nature can inſpire her with nothing but horrour for ſuch a way of life; but revelation will, no doubt, rectify theſe miſtaken ſentiments of nature.

ſcrap

ſcrap of linen round his neck, and a large black plaiſter * on his head: without doubt he had been trepanned. My lover was very civil to him; and he, in his turn, remarked to the philoſopher, the ſurpriſe his preſence had occaſioned in the church. "It is a long "time," ſaid he, "ſince I ſaw you there; "you ſeldom viſit our temples." "'Tis very "true," ſaid Ariſtus: "but what ſhould I do "there? I never ſing; I baptiſe nobody; and "I have no turn for preaching. Should you "be ſo conſtant an attendant there, good Mr. "Vicar, if there were no money to be got "by it?" "Sir," ſaid the man in black, "you are the occaſion of great ſcandal in the "pariſh; you lay with this young lady, and "that is not *ſecundum Lucam.*" I took a plate, and ſhould have thrown it at the preacher's head, if Ariſtus had not with-held me. He was, however, a little piqued at the doctoral expoſtulation of the black man. "My good Vicar," ſaid he, "try to live in

* The Romiſh prieſts wear on the head a round piece of black leather, of about ſix inches diameter, called a calotte.

"peace

" peace with your houſe-keeper, and do not " meddle with my affairs: what authority " have you to preach in my houſe?" The vicar anſwered with a myſtical air, " I am " the ſervant of the Lord." " Very well," ſaid Ariſtus, " I'll ſpeak to your maſter, and " beg of him, as ſoon as your year is ex- " pired, to pay you, and ſend you about your " buſineſs; he certainly can have no occaſion " for a viſionary blockhead like you." The vicar retired, muttering ſomething to himſelf as he went.

As ſoon as he was gone, I aſked the philoſopher, why this man had forbid him to love me? " Becauſe I have no right to ſleep with " you without his permiſſion." " Why ſo?" ſaid I, " he does not love you as I do." " But " my religion orders me to obey him." " Why " are you ſuch a ſlave to your religion? It " appears to me, that you are not ſo happy " in your fine *cellar* as I was in that in which " you brought me up.—But, after all, Who " is this man?" " It is a vicar who lives at " our expence." " What!" ſaid I, interrupting Ariſtus, " you are ſilly enough to

" pay this man for inſulting you, and imped-
" ing your pleaſure !"

The philoſopher, ſatisfied with the progreſs I had made, had me announced in his neighbourhood as a girl lately arrived from the ſouthern continent; and I had as many people running after me as if I had been a rhinoceros. Five ladies came in two coaches, burning with deſire to ſee me. They ſeemed much aſtoniſhed to find me prettier than themſelves, took an inventory of my ornaments and trinkets, and were very laviſh of ſuperlatives. One aſked me, How I liked France? Another made me, whether I would or not, remark the taſte in which her gown was made. An old Marchioneſs entertained me with an account of her vapours, and her dog with three legs: while a young lady begged me to give her advice as to the means of deceiving her mother: " her lover," ſhe ſaid, " could neither ſee her, nor write to her." I was much aſtoniſhed a girl could not give way to ſo natural an inclination as love, without deceiving father and mother.

When

When this medley was over, the company ſeated themſelves round a table, and took up ſome ſcraps of paper, which were ſo badly painted that they did not ſeem to have been made by the maſter of the beautiful cellar. They amuſed themſelves three whole hours, in toſſing them about, with much attention; and in repeating, "I paſs:" "I aſk leave:" "ſpadille:" "manille:" "two:" "three:" "ſix tricks:" "codille:" "it is your deal:" "there's nothing in the pool."

When they were gone, I aſked the philoſopher who theſe mad women were. "Women "of faſhion," ſaid he, "who have done you "the honour to viſit you." "It is an honour "then to ſay a hundred inſipid things, to aſk "a thouſand ridiculous queſtions; for in-"ſtance: If the ladies of my country wear "hats *à l'exil du parlement?* If the apes are "more amiable than here? If the lap-dogs "are pretty? and if I wiſh to learn the tune "of *The Penny Poſt of Paris?* Your women "of faſhion are ſtrange originals. I like your "farmer's wife better: ſhe takes care of her "children and cows. What is the occupa-

"tion of women of faſhion?" "Nothing," ſaid he, "but what you have ſeen; which "they go and repeat in twenty different "houſes." "If that be the caſe," ſaid I, "they muſt be ſadly tired of it before they "go to bed."

I then queſtioned the philoſopher concerning the ugly painted books, with which they had played for three whole hours. "They "are," ſaid he, "very pernicious books, "which teach us to become cheats, to loſe "our money, our honour, and our fortune, "and are often the occaſion of our cutting "one another's throats." "But why do you "amuſe yourſelves with ſuch dangerous "books!" "To kill time in politely robbing "one another; for the paſſion of play "can never dominate in the breaſt of any "one but of a polite ſcoundrel." "You "had much better, Ariſtus," ſaid I, "amuſe "yourſelf with the books of your library; "the tragedy of Alzira, which I read the "other day, would amuſe me more than your "frightful cards: did the ſame man who "wrote Alzira invent cards?" "No; the

"author

"author of Alzira was a man of genius; he "who invented cards, a man of common abi- "lities; and, though the tragedy of Alzira "inculcates the pardon of offences, there are "few people who forgive injuries, or read "this play, in comparison of those to whom "cards afford amusement and dissipation. The "very children are adepts at cards; the "sailors make them their occupation on board "ship; the soldiers in the guard-houses; the "officers at their gaming-tables; and the "monks in their cells: in short, the author "of these daubings has made himself immor- "tal; he draws together, employs, amuses, "and fatigues more people every day, than "all the books that have been written to the "present time. Fashion, which works changes "in our dress, and ideas, has more respect "for these scraps of paper than for religion; "that of the ancient sages has been changed, "but these pieces of painted pasteboard have "preserved the grotesque finery of our fore- "fathers*." I could not help thinking the men

* Alexander, Cæsar, Louis XIV. and Frederick, will never be so immortal as the kings of Hearts, Diamonds, Clubs,

men of the beautiful cellar very abſurd, for thus loſing the fleeting moments of their lives, in handling the knave of clubs, and for cutting one another's throats about the ſeven of ſpades.

We next received the viſit of four gentlemen, who, on coming in, drew one leg behind the other, bent their bodies like hoops, and accoſted Ariſtus, "My dear Count," ſaid one of them, "are you a miſanthrope "as uſual? Do you never think of returning "to dear delicious Paris? Is that the foreign "jewel? Upon my honour ſhe is pretty." They then came fluttering about me, and aſked me a hundred queſtions in a breath; with the familiarity of which I was much offended. "Have you heard," ſaid one, "the ſtory of the Deſchamps? She has "ſtolen a diamond from the Vicar of Liege; "but that's a lawful prize. Ariſtus, how do "you keep this young lady in order? She "comes, I am told, from the ſouthern con-

Clubs, and Spades. Four ſuch kings as theſe, placed in the temple of memory, ought to cure their brethren of the vanity of conquest.

"tinent.

"ſinent. Pray, is not that country ſituated "near the Carnival of Venice, or in the "kingdom of Preſter John? I would take the "tonſure * with all my heart, to be ſovereign "of a ſtate where the women are ſo pretty." "Mademoiſelle," ſaid he, turning to me, "have you ſeen the court of Preſter John? "Pray how is his calotte made? And does "her majeſty prieſteſs Joan wear a caſſock as "well as her huſband? Have our faſhions "found their way to that country? Ay, I "have no doubt of it:—our taſte is certainly "divine;—our cooks, as a celebrated author "ſays, make *fricaſees* of cherubims, where "there is nothing but heads and wings." Though I made no anſwer to this charming gentleman, he thought, without doubt, he had had a converſation with me.

A gentle ſwain then came up to me. "My "heart," ſaid he, "cannot reſiſt your "charms; the beauties I ſee at Paris are all

* The tonſure is a circular portion of the head, about the ſize of a crown-piece, at the parting of the hair behind, which the Romiſh prieſts have ſhaved. This is the part covered by the calotte.

" ſo-ſo; but a face like yours is worthy to " adorn Olympus, and fair enough to eclipſe " the old court of Jupiter, which is no " longer in faſhion. Our authors, indeed, " with their Floras, and their youthful Hebe, " who was living in the time of Herod, and " their Aurora, who is ſo fond of old bache- " lors; all this is not equal to a modern phy- " ſiognomy like yours. But you ſay nothing, " my angel? You are not ſcrupulous, I hope? " If ſo, ſet off again for the ceremonies of " the Bonzes, in the ſouthern continent. As " for us, we have no longer any religion, and " that is a great conſolation."

Theſe gentlemen poured forth much more nonſenſe of the ſame kind, and went away fully convinced that their charms and pretty converſation had robbed me of my heart. I aſked the philoſopher who theſe crazy people were? " Theſe," ſaid he, " are our accom- " pliſhed young men, and people who com- " poſe the very beſt company." " Is your " cellar full of ſimilar accompliſhments?" " No," anſwered he, " theſe giddy things " are the younger part of the nation: for a

" few

" few years, they are mad and impertinent;
" but age corrects them. A Frenchman is a
" fruit that muſt be left to ripen." " Why
" then do you preſent them before they are
" ripe? You expoſe your friends to imper-
" tinence."

Theſe viſits began to give me a bad idea of the beautiful *cellar*, when the Gazette was brought; which Ariſtus left me, while he went to give ſome directions to his ſervants. I was ſurprized to read, " The Emperor has been
" at maſs; the Abbé Arnauld has had the
" honour to preſent to the *Dauphin* a volume
" of the *Journal etranger*; as this author does
" not ſell his works, he makes preſents of
" them: the Prince Stadtholder has been ill
" with a cough: Gaſpar Thomas Koutiunki
" is returned from his journey to Siberia:
" the Pope has opened his mouth to Cardinal
" Pimpernelli: Don Xavier-Machebeus-Bar-
" tholemew-Jeremios-Euſtachios, of la Villa-
" canos-chantra va-cœlos, put on his hat in
" the preſence of his Catholic Majeſty: Lord
" Roaſtbeefbrute has had the garter conferred
" on him: Jane Frances de Courte en l'air,
" Marchioneſs

" Marchioneſs of Courte-champ, died on her " eſtate in Poitou, the 12th of this month, " aged 87 years; ſhe is the laſt of the family " of Courte-paille."

Theſe abſurdities appeared very ſingular to me; and I aſked the philoſopher how people could throw away their time in writing ſuch puerilities? " We are very curious," ſaid he, " in our cellar, in reſpect to all that " concerns the great." " But," ſaid I, " the " *Journal etranger*, a mouth opened, a garter, " and a cough, all this is very trifling!"— " There is no help for-it," replied he; " a " news-paper is like the ſtage-coach from " Paris to Orleans; full or empty, it muſt " ſet off."

The great cellar, before ſo brilliant, its verdure, and its trees, began every day to loſe a part of their beauty: the rain became abundant, the fine days ſcarce, the ſun ſcarcely deigned to ſhew himſelf, and chilling winds took place of the gentle zephyrs, who fled, and carried away the flowers on their wings. This change made me melancholy: " Is your beautiful *cellar*," ſaid I to Ariſtus,

" going

"going to fall a victim to death? Is your "maſter going to deſtroy it? Or is it no "longer an object of his care?" "Do not "be alarmed, my dear Imirce," ſaid he; "an unpleaſant ſeaſon neceſſarily follows the "fine weather." He then explained to me the order of the ſeaſons.

The beautiful cellar ſoon became a deſart; the birds grew mute; the ſtreams, which had delighted me with their murmur, ſuſpended their courſe; white flakes covered the face of the earth; and unceaſing winds, that ſeemed unchained by the hand of death, benumbed all nature. "Alas! my dear Ariſtus," ſaid I, "how tranſient is your enjoyment of the "beauties of your *cellar!* It dies every year "to live again; but man, once dead, ſhall "revive no more."

We left the country, and at the place where we ſtopped to dine, found ſix young men all cloathed in the ſame uniform. They had all of them thunders in their hands, like that with which Ariſtus had killed the bird. Theſe gentlemen were careſſing three girls, who ſeemed to care little for the laws of the maſter

maſter of the cellar: they made a jeſt of modeſty, were indecent in their expreſſions, kiſſed their lovers, and ſuffered themſelves to be handled with as little reſerve as I did in my priſon. "Theſe people," ſaid I to my lover, "are wiſer than you; they ſing, and "careſs their wives; but it ſeems that they "do not love the maſter of your cellar, for "they do not ſay a word without abuſing "him."

"Theſe men," ſaid Ariſtus, "are merce-"naries, hired to kill our enemies, and to be "ſubſervient to the vanity of ſovereigns; who "ſlay one part of mankind, to ſhew the other "that they are ambitious, and have a natural "right to triumph over dead men." "Do "you do the ſame with your enemies?" ſaid I. "I take care to do no ſuch thing; this "injuſtice is an advantage reſerved to ſove-"reigns alone." "Who are your ſove-"reigns?" "The repreſentatives of the "maſter of our cellar?" "Does your maſter "likewiſe pay people to kill others, and do "miſchief?" "No; we only know him by "his bounties." "Why then do his humble "repreſen-

" repreſentatives do miſchief? I am ſhocked " at your cellar, where you kill ſuch joyous " people! Do you kill a great many?" " Sometimes forty thouſand in an hour." " O " heaven! and what does the maſter of your " cellar ſay of this cruelty?" " We have " people," ſaid he, " who oblige us to be- " lieve, under pain of damnation, that the " maſter of our cellar has declared himſelf the " god of thoſe who put their fellow creatures " to the ſword for a few acres of land." " Thoſe who advance ſuch opinions," ſaid I, " muſt, doubtleſs, be vicars? But do wars " happen frequently?" " Generally about " once in ten years." " Why do theſe fine " young men expoſe themſelves to death?" " They are fond of the girls; and, as they " have no money to give them, for thirty " livres they engage * to kill others, or to be " killed themſelves, for the ſpace of eight " years." " But would it not be to their ad- " vantage, if they left off this hangman's

* The French ſoldiers do not, as in England, inliſt for life, but for a term of eight years, which is called a congé.

" buſineſs?"

" buſineſs?" " They do not dare; if they " did, death, or what you call the *bad ſmell*, " would be given to them." " Oh! now " indeed, you are monſters and barbarians: " I wonder the maſter of your cellar ſends " bread to ſuch wicked people. Do theſe " girls go to the wars likewiſe?" " No; but " they kill the ſoldiers in their arms, without " the help of a *thunder*." " What ſay you?" " I ſay, that theſe girls give them death by " means of their favours and careſſes." " This " is worſe ſtill! but explain yourſelf; for I " ſuſpect that your *cellar* is a dreadful place."

" Our *cellar* is ſo great that we do not " know as yet its full extent. A man bolder " than his fellows, while wandering upon the " ſea, diſcovered another part of it, from " whence we fetch gold, pepper, and a diſ- " eaſe that is communicated by ſhewing civi- " tity to the ladies: theſe girls are tainted " with it, and will very ſoon infect the ſol- " diers." " But tell me, what was your " vagabond doing at ſea?" " Looking for " pepper." " What! that naſty drug which " you put on your table to burn up your " inſide?"

" inſide? You poiſon your girls for a little " pepper; and continue ſtill to ſend to ſo " fatal a country! When theſe girls are de- " tected in giving death, what is done to " them?" " Nothing; it would be neceſſary " to puniſh too many *modeſt* women; they " are indeed chaſtiſed becauſe they offend " againſt decency; are confined becauſe the " vicars have not given them permiſſion to " ſleep with theſe ſoldiers; and are deſpiſed, " and called wh—s." " At this rate then, " I am a wh— too. And are the men who " lay with the girls confined alſo?" " No." " Why not? explain theſe contradictions; and " tell me, if the men do not make the " wh—s?" " Yes." " In that caſe, have " you the leaſt pretenſions to common ſenſe? " You hinder people from being kind to each " other, and expect the girls to be more re- " ſerved than thoſe who tempt them.

" The girls brought up in the prejudices " of modeſty, do not, I ſuppoſe, in the firſt " moment of puberty, go and offer them- " ſelves to the men, but are corrupted by " them. If your Plato, the moſt prudent of

" mortals, or if your monks were careſſed,
" kiſſed, and embraced by a pretty girl,
" would they be able to reſiſt her endear-
" ments? Would you yourſelf? and yet you
" expect the girls to be cold, while you take
" pains to inflame them: You are unjuſt,
" and I loſe my temper. The people of
" your *cellar* do not poſſeſs common ſenſe:
" your reaſons, their pepper, their *thunder*,
" and vile bedaubed books, which you call
" cards, are proofs of it."

As we were paſſing through a wood, we were ſtopped by eight men, who came to us with pocket *thunders*, and threatened to kill us. Ariſtus delivered his purſe to them. They then ſearched our pockets, took away my jewels, ſtripped us of every thing valuable, and wiſhed us a good journey. When a little recovered from my fright, I aſked what was the meaning of this politeneſs; and whether it were the *bon ton*, and marvellous good breeding of the capital, which he had ſo much vaunted? " Theſe people," ſaid he, " are wretches who ſtop paſſengers,
" and kill or rob them." " But why have
" you

" you ſuch monſters among you?" If your " religion be not a curb to robbers, of what " uſe is it? to ſupport capuchin friars, and " men in black to inſult you?"

At the place where we ſlept, I obſerved a girl whoſe face was full of little cavities; and, on my aſking the reaſon of it, was told, " That it was cauſed by a diſeaſe which diſ- " figures, in this way, a great part of man- " kind." This was cruel intelligence to me; I was pretty, I was a woman, and had great reaſon to be alarmed: " Does this peſt," ſaid I, " come likewiſe from your pepper coun- " try?" " No; we were long the moſt igno- " rant people of the *cellar*; and, prompted " by our ambition to poliſh ourſelves a little " by means of arithmetick; by a deſire to " know in what manner two and two ſhould " be arranged to make four; and by the " laudable paſſion of making a cypher ele- " gantly; we travelled to Arabia, where we " learned to ſcrawl the handſome figures of " the multiplication-table; and from whence " our profeſſors brought us the ſmall-pox." " It ſeems," ſaid I, " that you pay for your

" learning: your knowledge is expenſive:
" pepper and arithmetick have coſt you
" dear."

At the gates of Paris we were ſtopped by four tall robbers, quite as ill-looking as thoſe we had met in the wood: they ſearched our trunks, but did not carry thunders, nor aſk for money; and let us paſs. I aſked why this band of robbers took nothing from us. " Theſe
" men are not robbers," ſaid Ariſtus, " but
" ſcoundrels, placed by the ſovereign at the
" entrance of our cities, to examine whether
" any thing be brought there contrary to his
" majeſty's orders." " And what are his
" majeſty's orders?" " We eat nothing, we
" wear nothing, which does not pay a duty
" to the ſovereign, and that five or ſix times
" in the diſtance of a hundred leagues."
" But do you not inhabit a little corner of
" the great *cellar*, called the kingdom of
" France? Are you a ſtranger in your own
" country?" " It is the cuſtom; money muſt
" be had. If theſe exciſemen found a pound
" of tobacco in my poſſeſſion, or a few
" ounces of ſalt, his majeſty would have me
" branded

" branded on the ſhoulders with a red-hot " iron; and I ſhould be diſhonoured in the " opinion of fools, for having had ſalt enough " in my pocket to ſeaſon two meſſes of ſoup."

The tumult of Paris, the height of the cellars, and the appearance of thoſe which rolled over the mud, aſtoniſhed me leſs than others carried by men. I aſked what theſe carriages were, to which men were ſo ridiculouſly harneſſed? " Theſe are ſedan " chairs, in which rich people are carried." " What, wretch!" ſaid I, " you have ſo " little reſpect for your fellow-creatures, that " you employ them in ſuch diſgraceful " offices? You have horſes, and yet you ſuffer " men to be carried by men! how dare you " thus debaſe human nature?"

On our return to the hotel, I was ſo ſtunned with the noiſe and confuſion of the town, and ſo ſuffocated by diſagreeable ſmells, that I felt myſelf indiſpoſed, and paſſed the afternoon in Ariſtus' ſtudy. There was a picture there, in which I ſaw a great ſavage painted with a long tail, horns on his head, and claws on his hands. I aſked what was the ſignifi-

cation of this portrait? "It is the Devil," ſaid Ariſtus, "or the Manitou*; we paint "him in this way to inſpire ourſelves with "fear, like children who make paper-maſks "to frighten one another."

"To increaſe your fear," ſaid I, "you put "horns on the head of your Manitou; and "yet you laugh at horns, and ſcatter them in "all the houſes of Paris.—Look at your fore-"head; examine it well, and you will find on "each ſide a protuberance, placed there by "nature, to receive them: the women are "well acquainted with the ſoil, and the "ground is curſt indeed where they never "plant any. — Ah! my friend, you paint "ſtrange abſurdities: did you ever ſee the "Manitou?" "No," ſaid he, "but I think "he muſt be well worth ſeeing."

On our return from a viſit we had made to a female relation of Ariſtus, we met a brilliant carriage drawn by ſix horſes. I aſked who was the owner of this ſumptuous equipage, which the confuſion of the ſtreets of Paris had entangled with ours? "It is the

* The negroes call the devil Manitou.

"carriage,"

" carriage," ſaid Ariſtus, " of a farmer ge-
" neral; one of a claſs of people ſtill
" greater robbers than thoſe who ſtopped us
" in the wood." " I ſee," ſaid I, " that he
" has carried on the trade a long while, for
" he ſeems rich:—but, by the way, did you
" not tell me, that death was given to rob-
" bers?" " Yes; but theſe publicans are a
" privileged kind; they rob with impunity,
" becauſe robbers are, perhaps, neceſſary to
" the ſtate."

A little farther, his carriage, as well as ours, was croſſed in the road by two carts following one another. In one of them was a tall young man bare-headed. A capuchin friar ſpoke to him from time to time, and ſhewed him ſomething which I at firſt took for a toy, ſuch as we give to children to prevent them from crying; but, on looking at it with more attention, I found it conſiſted of two pieces of wood laid acroſs one another, on which was a little figure, that ſeemed very reſpectable to the young man. In the other cart was a man about fifty years old, to whom a prieſt was telling ſtories, which ſeemed by

no means to amuſe him. The appearance of theſe men made me uneaſy, and I aſked the meaning of this ceremony. "Theſe are two "rogues," ſaid Ariſtus, "who are going to "be put to death: the eldeſt is a highway-"man, the other ſtole ſix-pence from his "maſter." "What, you deſtroy a man for "ſix-pence! You deprive ſociety of a mem-"ber whoſe labours might produce five hun-"dred pounds to the publick! What autho-"rity have your courts of juſtice to condemn "a man to death? Life being a gift of the "maſter of the *cellar*, have you a natural "right to rob him of ſuch an ineſtimable "preſent? And why do you put this man to "death, while you ſuffer ſo great a robber "to live as a farmer general? There is nei-"ther reaſon nor juſtice in your *cellar*."

I expreſſed an extreme deſire to ſee death given to theſe men; I thought it muſt be a very fine and ſatisfactory ſight, for I obſerved the people preſs forward with inhuman eager-neſs. Our carriage went on, and we entered the *Grève*, where the people were talking of the involuntary reſignation of the ſufferers; and

ſpoke

ſpoke with much warmth of the hangman: they extolled his dexterity, and mentioned him as a wonderful man. The old man aſcended a ladder; but, as ſoon as he was at the top, I heard ſomebody cry out, *a reprieve! a reprieve!* The people were tranſported with joy; and my heart partook of the general exultation. The old man deſcended the ladder, and an inſtant after the young one took his place. I looked at him attentively, and was already beginning to grow impatient at not hearing of *a reprieve*, when I ſaw him fall. My eyes ſought him in vain, and I was going to aſk what was become of him, when I ſaw him ſwinging in the air, and a man ſitting* on him, and deſtroying him. This ſpectacle ſtruck me with horror, and I fainted away. Ariſtus placed himſelf before me, gave me ſome Eau de Luce; and, when I

* When a criminal is hung in France, the hangman puſhes him off the ladder, and immediately mounts aſtride on his ſhoulders, and continues ſwinging on his back for ſome time. As the ſufferer is executed with his face bare, this ceremony is highly diſguſting; notwithſtanding, the crowd is always great, and the proportion of women conſiderable.

recovered, we were already far from the *Gréve*.

On my return to the houſe, I ſaid to my lover, "Your people are very cruel to con-"template ſo ſad an execution! How can this "ſavage ſenſibility be reconciled with the joy "they diſcovered at the reprieve of the firſt "thief? But why had he his pardon? and why "was the other hung for ſix-pence?" "The "firſt," ſaid Ariſtus, "had a brother, foot-"man at the houſe of the miniſter's miſtreſs; "the other had no brother, footman at the "houſe of the miniſter's miſtreſs." "I un-"derſtand you, the poor and wretched alone "are puniſhed. They ſerve for the experi-"ments of your phyſicians, and to give force "to your laws; you puniſh him who ſteals "ſix-pence, while robbers in coaches paſs un-"moleſted. Ah! your cellar is a deteſtable "place."

In the afternoon we received a card of invitation to a funeral, which we attended the following day. The church was hung with black, and in every part of it were ſeen pieces of painted paſteboard, quartered like the

phaſes of the moon in an almanack, and diſtinguiſhed by different emblems. In the firſt were three green ſheep in a red field: in the ſecond, two dripping-pans *in pale vert* in a field Or: in the third, three perukes in a field *argent*; and, in the laſt, three ſyringes, with a ſavage *paſſant* on all fours in a field *ſable*. I aſked the meaning of theſe paintings. "They are," ſaid Ariſtus, "the armorial "bearings of the deceaſed, and of the differ- "ent houſes to which he was allied." He then explained to me the puerilities contrived by ambition to amuſe weak minds. "Is it," ſaid I, "in compliment to the humility of "your maſter, that you place theſe trophies "in his tabernacle? Muſt he partake of your "ſorrow for the loſs of this man? Have you "not told me, that your maſter had humbled "himſelf for you; how then do your prieſts "dare to diſplay, in his temple, the hieroglyphics of pride?" "It is their avarice," ſaid he, "and the ambition of others, that renew "in this holy place the injurious parallel of "their God and Barabbas." "Your prieſts "do not then believe in the God of your "cellar?

" cellar? Or how can you reconcile their
" blameable conduct with the ſeverity of your
" tenets? The living, not ſatisfied that their
" dead relations have ſacrificed to the Gods of
" pride and ambition during their lives, inſiſt
" alſo, by way of inſulting your maſter, that
" the putrified carcaſes of their fathers ſhall
" be laid at the feet of his altar, with all
" this worldly pomp. What efficacy can the
" ſongs of your prieſts, who thus ſurround the
" mauſoleum of vanity, have before the
" throne of your God? Will they bring down
" the blood of the ſpotleſs lamb, to cover the
" foul ſpots of vanity? Ought not the thun-
" der of your God rather to annihilate theſe
" dead bodies, than thus to ſuffer in his ſanc-
" tuary the inſulting compariſon of the pride
" of mankind, and of the humility of him
" whom the Jews put to death?"

The funeral proceſſion made its appear-ance, and conſiſted of a number of geople with torches, and prieſts, who, ſinging all the way, accompanied the corpſe —I aſked, why theſe men, who appeared ſo gay, did not dance as well as ſing; " You have told

" me,

"me, Ariſtus," ſaid I, "that dancing is the "ſiſter of muſic: why then do you ſeparate "the two relations? Is dancing more ſor-"rowful than ſinging?" "That is nothing "to the purpoſe," anſwered the philoſopher, "the man who compoſed the funeral rites "did not love dancing." At this moment, two men began to blow two great eels *, and frighted me out of my ſenſes; a dozen more cried out as if ſomebody had been beating them, while another with a ſtick † made them a ſign to hold their tongues; but the more he bid them be ſilent, the more they roared.

In the midſt of the ceremony, a prieſt delivered a very eloquent diſcourſe; and ſaid ſuch fine things of the man who had fallen a victim to death, that he made him, at leaſt, as great and wonderful as the maſter of the *cellar*. He began by a few words of which nobody knew the meaning, though I could not but ſee that, by way of making himſelf under-

* The ſerpent baſe.

† The perſon in Roman Catholic churches who beats time, called the *Maître de chœur*.

ſtood,

ſtood, he was under the neceſſity of beginning by words unintelligible to nine tenths of his auditors. After he had ſtammered out his Latin, he continued ſome moments penſive, ſpit two or three times, and then cried out, "The veils of death ſpread in this tem-"ple, theſe funeral torches, this mournful "train, theſe tears, theſe ſighs," (he lied, not a creature wept) "theſe melodious "ſounds," (by the way, the muſic was execrable) "are the laſt duties we owe to the "moſt high, moſt noble, and moſt puiſſant "Giles Nicodemus Robin-choux-pomme, "Lord of the Manor of Robin-choux-rouge, "and Juſtice of the Quorum."

After a deluge of common-place, the orator thundered out the pompous genealogy of the deceaſed, and lied like the French Gazette. "The family of the Robin-choux-"pommes," ſaid he, "are originally of "Savoy. One of the deſcendants of this "illuſtrious houſe wore the fool's cap at "Memphis; in thoſe times, it was an honour "to wear the fool's cap, as it is now to wear "at one's neck a garter, an elephant, a

"Saint

" Saint Andrew's croſs, a Maria Thereſa, or " a ſheep's-ſkin *.

" A certain Chriſtopher Robin-choux-" pomme married, in Egypt, a ſecond couſin " of the famous ſhepherd Jacob, whoſe ſiſters " made bricks in the ſuburbs of Memphis, an " occupation worthy of the cleanlineſs and " intelligence of the choſen people. At the " paſſage of the Red Sea, Chriſtopher " changed his name of Robin choux-pomme, " to that of Robin-choux-rouge. One of " his deſcendants, named Iſaac-Xoemi Me-" thuſalem Robin-choux-rouge was a free-" maſon, and the firſt who dared to diſcover " the ſecret and myſteries of his order; he " made his eſcape from Jeruſalem, and took " refuge in Weſtphalia, famous for the beſt " of all poſſible caſtles, and potatoes of the " firſt quality; there he took again the an-" cient name of Robin-choux-pomme, and " married into the family of Baron Kaniver-" ſtanclos, who, for two thouſand ſeven hun-" dred years, eleven months, ten days, and " thirteen minutes, had enjoyed the pre-emi-

* The golden fleece.

" nence

" nence of ninety-ſeven quarters of nobility.
" The almoner of the caſtle, for a fee of
" half-a-crown, delivered to him, in the per-
" ſon of the youthful Baroneſs of Kaniver-
" ſtancios, a ſhift full of fleſh, of the weight
" of three hundred thirty-ſix pounds avoir-
" dupois. A ſon of this Chriſtopher came
" to France, and allied himſelf to the houſe
" of a gentleman of the bed-chamber: this
" was he who carried the Oriflamme * at the
" battle of Roſbach †, when it diſappeared."

After the funeral ſermon, the ſtinking remains of Mr. Robin were interred in the church. Believing Chriſtians, to preſerve the memory of the temple of Epidaurus, keep up the holy uſage of paving the ſanctuary of their God with ſkulls, bones, and dead bodies. We walked through the church, and found

* A banner which fell from heaven, accompanied by a bottle. In days of yore, a great number of curioſities and baubles came from that quarter; but ſince we have grown incredulous, we receive nothing from above but what philoſophers have always ſeen come from thence; rain, hail, thunder, fogs, and the hooping-cough.

† The French army ran away in a panick fright at Roſbach.

all the ſtones under our feet covered with epitaphs; which taught nothing to mankind but the barren names of people who had filled and emptied themſelves for a few years.

Some months after, I was brought to bed of a boy, who lived but a few days; and from that time Ariſtus no longer approached me. Though ſurpriſed at his coldneſs, yet I heſitated to ſpeak to him; but, at laſt, I opened my heart. "Age, my dear Imirce," ſaid he, "no longer permits me to ſatisfy "your deſires; nature gave you to Emilor, "and I am going to reſtore his liberty to "him, and to lay you again in the arms of "the man of whom your heart made choice." I ſhed a torrent of tears on the boſom of Ariſtus: "O my friend," cried I; "O my "father! you are dearer to me than plea-"ſure; and I am only ſenſible to that which "I think I give you: Does your reaſon only "ſerve to tear me from your heart? Your "age does not afflict me; the heat of my "youth ſhall warm you, and your precious "head ſhall repoſe on my boſom: my eyes "ſhall inceſſantly contemplate that reſpectable

"face,

"face, in which your God has painted his "goodneſs: your virtue ſhall efface your "wrinkles; and the more your body ſhall "ſuffer from time, the more I ſhall ſee of your "ſoul. The charms which raviſhed all hearts "in your ſpring of life, and which made "them yours in your autumn, ſhall no longer "conceal it: you will only retain your eter-"nal beauties, your humanity, and virtues."

The philoſopher ſoothed my ſorrow; his reaſon inſtilled into my mind that ſelf conſolation which wiſdom alone is capable of giving. We ſet off early for the country. I had haſtened the time of our departure; and, in ſpeaking of Emilor, had excited in the breaſt of Ariſtus a ſtrong deſire to know a ſage ſo worthy of his friendſhip.

The day after our arrival at his country houſe, he conducted me to the window that looked into his cellar; and I there, with pleaſure, ſaw Emilor again. He ſeemed very ſerious. In the evening a ſoporiferous drug was infuſed in his water; and, during the night, he was conveyed to a chamber; where, the morning after, we paid him a viſit.

He

He did not ſeem aſtoniſhed to ſee us, but fixed his eyes on me: I perceived him change colour, and could not ſuppreſs my emotion; while, deceived by my cloaths, he tried to recollect me. Deſirous to manifeſt my love, I cried out in the language of the cellar, "O "joy and ſtrength of my ſoul! pleaſure "awaits you!" At the ſound of my voice, a ray of light beamed on his ſenſes; he threw himſelf in my arms, tears ran down his cheeks, and an ardent flame ſparkled in his humid eyes. We embraced each other tenderly, and our ſouls were loſt in one another.

Emilor was uneaſy, and ſought among my cloaths, with an impatient hand, the objects that had formerly delighted him. He kiſſed my boſom with ſo much eagerneſs, that I could not diſengage myſelf from his arms. The joy he felt on ſeeing me again was ſo exceſſive, that his countenance changed; and it was eaſy to ſee that ſomething extraordinary was paſſing in his mind. As ſoon as he was a little calm, he was dreſſed, and I aſſiſted in putting on his cloaths. This

ſeemed to afflict him. "Why," ſaid he, "would you hide my perſon, which formerly "gave you pleaſure? Is it become a hateful "object in your eyes? Has the new cellar "corrupted your heart; and do you no longer "love me?"—Alas! I loved him ſtill; but I had made him a cuckold *. Poor Emilor knew nothing about it; prejudices as yet had not given a bias to his mind; and cuckoldom, of which the throne is at Paris, was no misfortune to him.

In a few months Emilor ſpoke French. He ſeemed but little aſtoniſhed at the wonders of nature: conſtantly occupied in the library of Ariſtus, he meditated inceſſantly, and talked learnedly of God. He did not disfigure him, as do the multitude of mankind; but painted him ſuch as he is, adorable and incomprehen-

* A man who is a cuckold, and one who has a hole in his ſtocking, are nearly in the ſame ſituation. A well-dreſſed man walks proudly in a public place; but, if ſome blockhead tells him he has a hole in his ſtocking, he bluſhes, and feels quite aſhamed: would one ſuppoſe that a hole in a pitiful pair of hoſe could have ſuch an effect on the mind of a reaſonable being?—It is the ſame with a cuckold.

ſible. The philoſopher aſked him what he thought of this world. "Very little," anſwered he; "if I had the rage of ſyſtem-"making, I could create a world out of no-"thing." "No ſyſtems," replied Ariſtus; "I am tired of ſyſtems: tell me, in plain in-"telligible words, what you think of this "world, in which we vegetate?" "I ſay "again, very little. Your little ant-hill "would aſtoniſh you no more, if you could "ſee it from above, than your cellar did me "after I had ſeen you. Your world, in its "infancy, was much better than it is now; "and men were happy, as long as they pre-"ſerved the ſimplicity of nature. That wiſe "mother had not encumbered them with de-"cency of behaviour, modeſty, or falſe ideas "of natural things: but fanaticks have quit-"ted nature, to look after virtues that ſhe "never made. Your Paris, however, begins "to be habitable, ſince your philoſophers "have diſcarded old prejudices: but you "have yet ſome antique head-pieces, fathers "and mothers of the arriére-ban, who would "think their whole family diſhonoured, if

" their daughter lay-in without the permiſſion
" of an individual of their pariſh; as if nature
" diſhonoured a girl by making her a mother.
" How could ſuch prejudices enter the minds
" of men?"

" My friend," ſaid Ariſtus, " in a civi-
" lized ſtate, it is neceſſary to fix the incon-
" ſtancy of men: if the paſſions were not
" curbed, we ſhould tear one another to
" pieces; and, order, the ſymbol of the divi-
" nity, would no longer have a footing on the
" earth." " You jeſt," replied Emilor;
" your legiſlators have ſuppoſed man wicked:
" but he is naturally good; he is like a child
" in fetters, who ſhakes his chains, and ſtrives
" to break them aſunder. The rage of pro-
" viding for misfortunes far diſtant has mul-
" tiplied your laws, your *lieutenants de police*,
" and your watch on horſeback and on foot.
" Your panic fear, and your alarm, have
" rendered your brethren unhappy; but for
" your cruel and barbarous laws, which, for
" the moſt part, are ſtupid too, man would
" have been unacquainted with crime, and
" would not have thought it neceſſary to his
" paſſions.

" paſſions. Your legiſlators have turned man
" aſide from the paths of nature; and their
" laws, at which his reaſon revolts, ſerve only
" to keep him in the dark: aboliſh your laws,
" and enlighten the minds of men, and you
" will baniſh all crimes from the earth, where
" liberty ought to be the firſt of laws. You
" think you do wonders in having your fel-
" low-creatures quartered by the hangman;—
" but what do you do? You puniſh a few ſilly
" villains, while you furniſh more enlightened
" ſcoundrels with the means of doing ill with
" addreſs. A man of ſenſe knows how to
" commit a thouſand horrid deeds, without
" any fear of the ſword of juſtice. Put your
" laws in the fire, and imitate nature: ſhe
" has made none for the government of man;
" ſhe is contented with touching his conſci-
" ence, and enlightening his mind *.

" The only diſorder you would have to
" fear, would be that which we remark among
" the brutes, who ſometimes fight for a fe-
" male; ſuppoſe we fought for women, would
" not the cauſe be noble? We ſhould no

* Emilor muſt be conſidered as ſavage.

" longer cut one another's throats for a hun-
" dred pitiful reaſons, for ſcraps of paper,
" and for Muftis.

" Men, reſtored to the ſimplicity of nature,
" would be leſs inclined to fight for women,
" becauſe they would ſoon loſe the fantaſtic
" ideas that poliſhed nations have formed of
" beauty. Tell me, who was the firſt fool
" that found one woman more beautiful than
" another?" " The eyes," ſaid Ariſtus, " a
" certain arrangement of parts, the colour
" of the complexion; in ſhort, the particu-
" lars, and the whole that conſtitute beauty."
" You do not," replied Emilor, " inherit
" from nature this pitiful knowledge, ſince
" theſe charms are not the general taſte. In
" your country, a girl rather lean, with a
" little noſe turned up at the point, is what
" you call a miracle; but ſometimes this mira-
" cle changes, and eyes like thoſe of the
" Chineſe, and teeth of Savoyards, are in
" great eſtimation; for your ideas are ſubject
" to caprice as well as your faſhions. In the
" United Provinces, a maſs of fleſh prodigi-
" ouſly ſoft, an enormous breaſt, and two

" large

" large flat arms, are enough to make a ſober
" Dutchman go diſtracted; while, in Ger-
" many, a boſom that begins and ends three
" inches lower than boſoms generally do,
" throws a Weſtphalia Baron into extacies.
" The taſte for beauty varies according to the
" climate; and, even in your country, men
" are to be found who idolize women conſpi-
" cuouſly ugly.

" All women are handſome: if they do not
" appear ſo to your jaundiced eye, ſeek not
" the fault in nature, but in your decency,
" and your modeſty, that with ill-contrived
" veils conceal their beauty. How can a
" woman appear handſome, when you ſhew
" nothing but her face? You pay attention
" only to her eyes: but does beauty conſiſt in
" an eye? How many women are there whoſe
" features are pretty, and the reſt very ugly?
" Nature has given to thoſe, whom you call
" ugly, charms which compenſate for a noſe
" and eye, that are not modeled to your
" wiſh; a white hand, a round arm, a well-
" formed boſom, a ſmall foot, a ſmall ——,
" many things, in ſhort: and does not all this

" outweigh a fine eye? Make the ladies of " Paris undreſs, and the handſome will appear " leſs beautiful, and many of the ugly, charm- " ing.

" The legiſlator who made the young men " and women undreſs before marriage, was " well acquainted with nature and beauty: " you always think the uſages of your own " country admirable; but are your laws " worth thoſe of nature? The other day I " ſaid to your tenant, " Your ſpouſe's com- " plexion is terribly dark." " I am not ſo " nice," anſwered the ruſtic; " my wife has " hidden beauties equal to a queen's, and that " is what I took her for. Odzooks! we do " not trouble ourſelves about complexions."

" Love, that ſacred fire, which nature " lights up in the heart of man, is alſo ſub- " ject to your caprice; your falſe ſages, al- " ways wandering from the paths of nature, " have reſtrained the liberty of your paſſion, " and fettered your heart with artificial cere- " monies. Are you in love? you are obliged " to act the madman for a certain time, and " then to go trembling to your idol, and tell

" her

" her you adore her: the fair one, well-
" practiſed in your cuſtoms, is obliged to
" bluſh, to make a thouſand grimaces, and
" to damp a flame which burns with equal
" ardour in her own heart, and all this to
" pronounce three letters, *y*, *e*, *s*: the word
" once pronounced, you are under the ne-
" ceſſity of falling inſtantly into convulſions;
" and of crying out, in the tranſport of your
" folly, O charming confeſſion! O birth-day
" of my happineſs! O divine yes! you open
" to me the doors of the temple of felicity.
" Echos, birds, and ſhepherds of theſe plains,
" go tell the univerſe that I am happy, and
" diſtracted.

" Man has but two ſhort moments to ſtay
" on the earth; and he loſes one and a half,
" to enjoy the other half that remains. Take
" your girls at the age of fifteen, and at that
" age they will ſay yes at once: it is the
" breeding of your girls that makes them
" expect attentions. Imitate the ſavages:
" among them, the girls and boys take a flint,
" ſtrike in concert, and the firſt ſpark emitted
" by the ſtone is the flame that conſecrates

" their love.—Go ſtill farther than they; and " at the age of twelve years teach your girls " to ſtrike a light."

Such was the reaſoning of Emilor, while we paſſed our days in tranquillity and eaſe, at the country-houſe of Ariſtus. The philoſopher behaved to us like a benevolent god, and loved us as if we had been his children: we knew no other father, and we were happy in his friendſhip. But, alas! after a ſhort interval of time, he was attacked by a ſlow and dangerous diſeaſe, which he ſoon perceived would bring him to the grave. He ſettled his affairs, and bequeathed to us his fortune, amounting to 2000*l.* a year. On his death-bed he ſent for, and ſpoke to us thus:

" Nature, my dear children, has ſhed her " light upon you, and you have never known " either fanaticiſm or ſuperſtition, which all " nations have placed by the ſide of the divi- " nity: obey the laws that heaven has en- " graved in your heart; love all mankind; " *before you undertake the moſt unimportant* " *action, conſider whether it be prejudicial to* " *the rights of another*; *and if any one injure*

" *you*,

"*you, be better and more juſt than be.*" He then embraced us, and a few moments after expired.

For a long time we wept his loſs; and his image, or rather his ſpirit, is ſtill in our minds: we follow his advice, practiſe hoſpitality; aſſiſt the poor of the pariſh and neighbourhood with our fortune; and enjoy, in innocence, the bounties of the Creator. We do no ill action; nor does remorſe, or the gall of ſuperſtition, imbitter our pleaſures. We taſte them as pure as they come from the hand of NATURE.

THE END.